

In Quest of the Soul of Civilization



HAGOP BOGIGIAN


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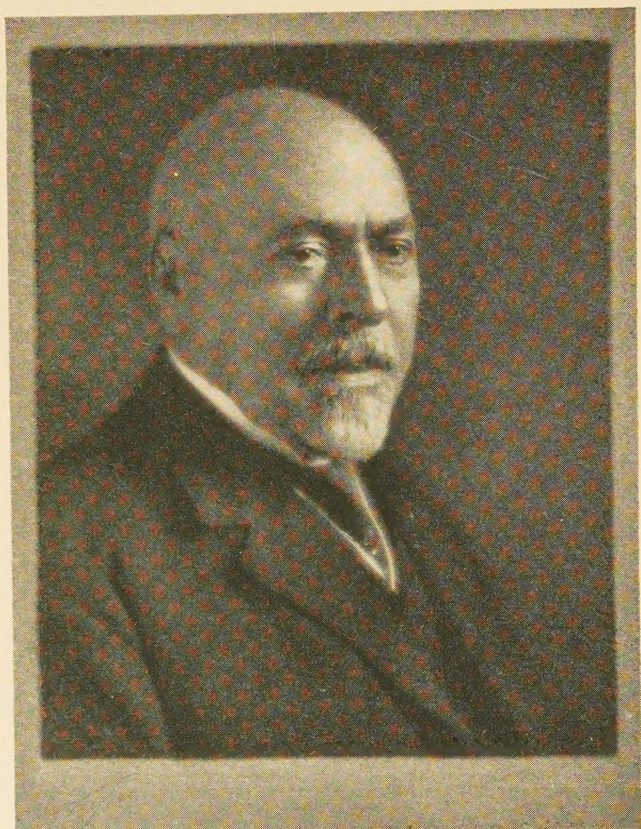
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In Quest
of the
Soul *of* Civilization

By
HAGOP BOGIGIAN

With a Foreword by EX-SENATOR JOHN SHARP WILLIAMS

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Armenians

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FOREWORD

By JOHN SHARP WILLIAMS, *Ex-U. S. Senator*

There are few more interesting or tragical stories than that of the Armenian race. That they were of European, not of Asiatic, origin seems certain. How they got to Asia, and why they went thither, are points of interesting discussion and debate. There they are, and there they have been—a racially European island cut off from Europe proper by Asiatic tribes, mountains and waters. From the time of Abraham in Ur of the Chaldees down to now they had had a not unworthy part in great historic events. Neither Greek nor Roman conquered, nor imperial rule either extinguished or completely dominated them. They made notable resistance to Roman world power. As a nation they submitted; as a race they survived. The same story was told when the Ottoman Turks seemingly overwhelmed the territory in which they had found early lodgment. The Gospel of Christ was accepted by the race almost as soon as it could be preached to them. Their form of Church government is perhaps the oldest and earliest now surviving. The drama of resistance, suffering and martyrdom which has enabled them to keep themselves racially Christian could be told adequately only in many volumes. As a race they were oppressed under Russia, martyred and finally almost exterminated under the unspeakable Turk, while being incited to resistance, and betrayed and deserted by Europe—a betrayal and desertion to which these United States finally became governmentally a consenting party. I think that God understands and somehow finally forgives and loves all. But for that being so, I do not believe He could ever forgive European and American peoples for their conduct of base cowardice and betrayal to Turk and Soviet of their fellow-Christians in the Armenian Land.

This is the story of one Armenian who came to America, became an American citizen in law and also in fact, and perhaps thereby only escaped the dire fate of nearly all his race. Anzia Yezievka has given us, in gripping fashion, the story of the hardships and Americanization of the Russian Jew; Michael Pupin that of the Servian from Sweet Idvor in the Bairut; now comes my friend Bogigian to give us that of the Armenian—each typical in its way. I do not mention Edward Bok because the Americanization (or the Anglization either) of a Hollander is hardly more difficult than moving out of a lean-to in a main house.

The Armenian is not only one of the noblest and most resistant and persistent of human races, it is also one of the most subtly intelligent—equalling Jew or Greek. It is moreover one of the bravest. Its history rings with fortitude and courage throughout all the ages down to and including the critical part taken by it at the psychological moment in the World War—a part commended to world-admiration by Allenby, the twentieth century conqueror of Jerusalem, in his Nemesis Campaign, resulting in the temporary fall and defeat of the Turk, to be restored later by the divisions and cowardice of the Allies, aided and abetted by American greed for exploitation of oil fields.

I once had the pleasure and the profit of living for quite a while in the same hotel with Mr. Bogigian. He is in my judgment, in his intelligence, persistency in good works, amiability of disposition and nobleness of purpose and moral and intellectual integrity, a worthy scion of his ancient and immortal race, and a dutiful and service-rendering citizen of his adopted land—adopted without mental reservation of European allegiance or hates.

I read the manuscript of his little book of biography at a sitting, and believe it will prove equally interesting to very many others to whom its subject-matter and simplicity—sometimes naivety—of diction and unaffectedness of narrative will appeal.

John Henry Weissman

A REVIEW

The book is a faithful, fearless record, by a man of insight and courage of his convictions, of a wide and varied experience in the struggles of a penniless Armenian immigrant coming to America without knowledge of English, without money, or friends, working his way up from earning his shelter and board for a full day's labor to a foremost place in business circles as an importer and exporter,—winning the friendship of Longfellow and other leading literary figures, and making his place of business a club for notables in literary and professional fields. Mr. Bogigian's experiences are mingled. He saw human nature often at its worst, both in individuals and in organizations, and suffered bitterly. He also saw human nature at its best and profited greatly. Literally, he is a part of all he has met, and the autobiography written by him in the ripeness of age is invaluable in its keen insight, honesty and earnestness. Every home will be made better by it. Every youth who reads it will be stimulated to make the most of his life, and where his circumstances are hard will see that such hardships are but rungs in a ladder by which to climb to heights, if they are but mortised in by honesty and high purpose. Every older man or woman who reads it will be encouraged to fight on, no matter what discouragements have been met.

Some, in reading, may get the impression that the writer is somewhat critical or hostile to mission-

aries, philanthropists, and Christian workers generally. He is not. On the contrary, he is a devoted friend of missionaries, a true philanthropist, and an earnest Christian. His statement of facts as to how some posing as philanthropists and Christians and working as missionaries is intended to drive home the necessity for those who take to themselves these sacred names really living the gospel they profess.

This true life story is the real romance of America, more thrilling than any fiction. It is a real contribution to good citizenship.

E. O. WATSON.

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CHAPTER I

CHILDHOOD AND EDUCATION

CHILDHOOD is much the same in all countries. The child cries, laughs, plays, and craves for mother's love and protection in all countries, and in all languages. Armenia differs not at all from other lands in this.

The custom among the Armenians was to have their children go to church morning and night. The morning service was an hour before daylight, summer and winter, and many, many mornings in the winter I had to go through the snow and slush in the dark to church. In the section of the country where I was born, Kharpoot, the climate in the winter was cold, in the spring wet, summer very dry, and the early fall dry and chilly, with the latter part wet, cold and dreary.

The service in the Armenian church is partly Greek and partly Roman, because those two nations went to war against the Persians and Saracens, and they left their religions, marks and customs upon the Armenians. As Armenia was the battleground and highway of Western and Eastern nations, so in the Armenian church, where I attended, the custom of saying mass and confession and many other characteristics of the Roman and Greek churches were observed. The Armenian church as originally constituted, was more like the Episcopalian church,

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similar to the Church of England. In fact, the Armenian nation was the first nation in its entirety to accept Christianity as taught by Christ and his Disciples. The Armenians had a government of their own at that time, and the King of Armenia was the first King to accept the religion of Christ and be baptized in the church; and in so doing, he made Christianity the national religion.

When the service was over I had to go home and get my breakfast, which was largely composed of fruit in season, either fresh or dried, and bread. As is natural with children all over the world, they like to eat something that is not plentiful the year round, so when my brothers and sisters had breakfast together we always wanted to eat more fruit than bread, but my mother was a woman of a great deal of tact and common-sense; she used to tell us that if we ate more bread and less fruit we would "make the devil mad," so we always followed her advice. If the bread was burned, as it was sometimes in baking, and we did not like to eat the burned part, my mother used to tell us that if we ate burned bread we would not be afraid to go past Turkish cemeteries. In many ways my mother was considered a wonderful woman with a great deal of common-sense, and naturally intelligent, although she had no education. She could neither write nor read, but she was the adviser of many women who used to flock into our house and get her advice and sympathy. My mother was a very religious woman and followed the tenets of the Gregorian Church implicitly.

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The Armenian Church had many church holidays, the most important being Christmas and Easter, which are observed as strictly religious holidays. During Lent the Armenians abstain from eating meat, or fat of any kind obtained from any animal. They live on vegetables, cereals and use olive oil. Everyone, children and all, had no breakfast, but fasted until noon, and a great many women and grown-up girls fasted until the evening meal. I remember my mother one time fasted the entire Lenten season, drinking water only. And every Holy Week she fasted entirely. During that week it is the usual custom among Armenian Church members to make up with people with whom they have had any disputes or quarrels. This is preparatory to taking communion on Easter Sunday.

When I was a boy there started a movement to educate children, and my mother was very anxious that her children should get some education. At that time we had a school connected with the church, and consequently those parents who wanted to educate their children sent them to that school. After our breakfast I went to school, and for my lunch I had some bread and either raisins or dried mulberries, or some nuts. We had to stay in school from early in the morning until evening service, which was about an hour before sunset, but in the middle of the day we had recess to eat our lunch and have a little sleep, so all the children laid down and went to sleep where they were sitting. We had no tables or seats, but had to sit on straw matting, and often a dirt

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floor, which was plastered over with clay and mixed with threshed straw. The teacher always had one of the boys watch the rest, that no one kept awake or played tricks upon his neighbors. At a certain time a bell was rung, and every boy had to sit up, and then go out to the play-ground and play a little to wake himself, then the bell rang again to call scholars in. We studied our lessons and recited until church time, went to church and from there home. It was all right in the winter, for the days were short, but spring and summer, as well as early fall, the days were long, and it was tedious for small children to endure. However, after getting used to it we did not mind.

A very peculiar custom, as I look back now, was that every Monday every boy in the school had to pass in front of the teacher, who had a wooden hand with a long handle, and the boys had to open both hands wide, and the teacher would slap each hand with the wooden one. This was to punish the boys for either real or imaginary breaking of the Sabbath by playing or watching others play. Therefore, Monday was the most dreaded day of all the week.

My father died when I was only about four years old, so I never realized my loss, and at the time of the funeral I was playing, laughing, and seemed to be perfectly happy because of the great number of people who came to our house. The custom in that country, at that time, was when a person died sometime before sunset, he was buried that day, but if

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any one died after sunset the body was carried to church for overnight, and next morning, after the usual service, the body was taken from the church to the cemetery and buried. They had no coffins of any description, but the body was wrapped in linen and put into the grave and covered with dirt and stones.

My mother was quite young then, but she made a home for her children, six in all. I remember how hard she used to work to support us. She did it by weaving cotton cloth on a hand loom and she made us children help her in her work in any way that we could. We used to clean the house, cook, sew, knit stockings and darn them when necessary, both boys and girls aiding in this work, until we grew up and were much more helpful to her by earning money, which lightened her burdens very materially.

The happiest thing that I remember is that while she was alive and when I was financially able I pensioned her. I used to send her regular allowances through the American missionaries to make her comfortable in her old age, and when she died I had her buried in a coffin and ordered a great boulder put as a headstone at her grave. Although I have not seen it, people tell me who have come from that country that that is the only grave-stone that the Turks were not able to demolish, because of its size and weight. During the massacres of the last few years Turks have desecrated not only churches, but the cemeteries as well, to obliterate all signs of Christianity.

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During my boyhood the American Board of Missions in Boston had sent out missionaries to Turkey, first to Smyrna, then to Constantinople, and then to the interior. Those missionaries started first to reform the Armenian Church within, but, finding it very difficult on account of the united effort on the part of the clergy and communicants of the Gregorian churches, they began starting a Protestant form of worship and gradually proselyting from the Armenian church and establishing churches of the Congregational denomination. For a long time their success was very small, but when they began to open schools to give a little better education their success began. Children of both sexes flocked to these schools.

I attended very short sessions of the missionary schools; my mother and all the rest of our family joined the "Missionary Church," as it was called. I, like many other boys, would attend the missionary school four or five months, beginning the latter part of spring, going until early fall, and then we were sent to surrounding towns and villages to open new schools and teach.

My first experience of teaching was when I was fourteen years of age; the schools I taught were mixed schools, boys and girls, some of the scholars several years older than I was. I remember my salary was forty piastres (about one dollar and seventy cents) a month. I had to pay for my clothing and other expenses from this large sum. As the people in the East were always true to their repu-

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tation of being very hospitable, I often had food sent to me by the parents of my scholars, and many times I was asked to go to their homes for breakfast or dinner. At the end of the term, I, like many other so-called teachers, had to return for more instruction to Kharpoot, where the missionary center, called Eastern Turkey Mission, had their headquarters.

The missionaries were personally very conscientious and bent upon doing good by teaching and preaching. They were a self-sacrificing people, devoted to their work. By their personal interest they were a great help to the people, and the Armenian nation and the church have many things to be grateful for to the missionaries and the American Board who sent them.

At first they did not take much time for higher education. What education we received at that time from the missionary schools was very simple, like reading and writing. But their principal object was to draw the people to their religious teachings. Before the missionary came the literature of the Armenian Church was practically a dead letter, as it was written in the old dialect, very different from that then spoken. The missionaries translated this old literature into modern Armenian, which was understood by every one. The translation of the Bible into the old Armenian language was considered the best of any translation. All students of the translation of the Bible into different languages have conceded that the Armenian was most correct and

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followed the text most closely. The latest revisors of the Bible consulted the Armenian translation more than that of any other language.

Later on the Jesuit missionaries of the Roman Church came into the country. They did not at once start churches of their own, but gathered young men round them and gave them more of the higher education, and taught them French and Italian. They were also a very self-sacrificing people. I remember well those missionaries, sandals on their bare feet, long flowing robes, and a skull cap, walking some distance to administer medical aid to the people, not yet their converts. And when I came to know them in later years I formed a very high opinion of them. The graduates of the Jesuit schools having higher education and knowing some of the European languages, through the diplomatic influence of France upon the Turkish government, were employed according to their abilities in offices by the Turks, as at that time, and even now, the diplomatic language of the Turks is French. Consequently many of the graduates of the Jesuit schools were given preference for diplomatic service in foreign countries. Naturally, those graduates, and through their influence, their relatives and friends, became Roman Catholics. And after their conversion to the Roman Church they denied their nationality and became the most bitter opponents of the Armenian nation and the Armenian Church—so much so that the Armenians preferred to depend upon the justice and liberty of the Turks, rather than upon those renegade Armenian Catholics.

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I taught one year in the town where I was born; being successful, the next year the missionaries sent me to a place where they had opened a station. At this next place I received seventy-five piastres a month (three dollars and ten cents). I taught here, Chunkus, on the banks of the Euphrates River, south of Kharpoot, two years. From there the missionaries sent me to the city of Diarbekir. There I found a native Armenian minister, a graduate of Robert College in Constantinople, who went to England to finish his education. There he married a very estimable English lady of higher class, and returned to Diarbekir to establish a church similar to the Church of England. And this not being very agreeable to one of the missionaries of Kharpoot, he rushed to Diarbekir and bought two new buildings to start Congregational churches and schools. One of the buildings was for Armenians and the other was for Assyrians who could not speak Armenian. I was sent from Chunkus to Diarbekir to take charge of the Armenian school. I was then only seventeen years old. I stayed in Diarbekir over a year, where I received a hundred piastres a month as salary. That was when I formed a strong inclination to come to America. The preacher in Diarbekir who was the head of the Episcopalian Church was a very liberal-minded, highly educated man, from whom I learned a great deal about Europe and America, where he had visited.

Diarbekir is a very old walled city, northeast of Urfa, where for the last few years excavations have

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been going on—the Ur of the Chaldeans)—and they have discovered relics and temples antedating the antiquities of Egypt. Diarbekir is on the banks of the Tigris River, populated mostly by the descendants of the Chaldeans, Armenians and the Turks. Very few villages surround it, on account of the water-logged condition of the land. Centuries ago this land had a perfect irrigation system as well as drainage. Water was taken from the Euphrates River, which ran through the higher land, and carried through canals, the drainage being carried to the Tigris River, which ran through the lower level. Since the Turks came to that country, gradually the irrigation and drainage systems were neglected; consequently now it is nothing but waste bog land.

The city of Kharpoot is situated on a high hill of rock formation, the name, Khar—(a stone)—pert—(a fortification), being taken from the fortification built by Romans to protect the valley below which opens east and west to flat lands. The population of the city is largely Armenian, less than half being Turks. The town and fortifications overlook a valley about fifty miles long and twenty wide. The Euphrates River runs from the eastern portion of the valley and turns to northwest, circles round hills and mountains and turns down towards the south around Kharpoot. If you go to the east of Kharpoot, you would have to cross the river by an antiquated ferry. You have to do the same if you go north or west.

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North of Kharpoot the country is populated by devil worshippers, calling themselves Kurds. They are more friendly to the Armenians and to all Christians than to the Turks. These people worship the devil, not because they *love* the devil, but from fear of him.

The early part of eighteen seventy-five I began seriously to think about coming to America. All my friends, and my mother as well, were strongly opposed to this step, because I was too young, and it was a strange country, so far away, and I could not speak a word of English. The reason for this lack of knowledge of English, although attending the American Missionary School, was because missionaries were much opposed to teaching English or any European language. As I have stated, their work was religious, rather than broadening the people by higher education.

This is where they differed from the Jesuits. Later developments proved the wisdom of the Jesuits, for their converts were not slaughtered by the Turks in the numerous massacres. However, during the last few years the American missionaries have changed their former methods and are giving more attention to higher and broader education than they formerly did; consequently they have been very much pressed for lack of funds and lack of teachers prepared for this work. Their graduates have proved a great success wherever they have gone.

CHAPTER II

STARTING FOR AMERICA

IN eighteen hundred and seventy-six, in opposition to all influences, I was determined to start for this country, and did start for this country in May. I realized more than anybody else the great undertaking as a young man, and yet very little realized what was before me. I asked the missionaries if they would be willing to give me letters of introduction. This they absolutely refused, not that I was unworthy, but that they feared that if I should come to this country it might open the way for many others of their students to come, which might cripple their native forces in carrying on their work. There was another young man who started with me, older than I, who was a business man. The missionaries gave recommendations to him, because he was not connected with their educational forces.

I had no money, and had to borrow from several friends, and I got together eighteen Turkish pounds (ninety-one dollars). We started towards the Mediterranean Sea to take steamer there. The mode of travel was horse, donkey, or camel-back only, no carriages or any other modern convenience. We traveled three days on horse-back, crossed the Euphrates River, went to a city called Malatia, which is one of the oldest cities in the country. There we went to see the native Protestant pastor,

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who was much older than we were, and asked his advice upon our great undertaking. Up to this time there had been no one from that section of the country that had ever gone to America, and we were the only ones who had undertaken the great journey before us. With good reason many who heard of our starting for America thought we were simply crazy. The pastor in Malatia advised us very strongly to turn back, but his advice had no influence over me, but had great influence with my companion, for the very best reason that he was engaged to a very pretty young woman in Khar-poot. He also worked on me, trying to persuade me to return, but I absolutely refused. He had plenty of money of his own, but mine was borrowed and limited. He compromised with me to go as far as Aintab to see an Armenian professor who had recently returned from America, after a stay of two years studying in Yale. We thought his advice might be more convincing because of his recent visit to America.

We journeyed on to Aintab, and soon after our arrival we called on this professor, who also advised us very strongly not to go, because it was a strange country and we did not know the language. I asked him if there was any possible chance for us to succeed in getting something to do on our arrival in America. He told us that there might be one chance in a hundred, and my companion, who had already shown "cold feet," turned to me in the presence of the professor and said, "Now, what have you got to

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say?" I asked the professor, "If there was one chance in a hundred, might it not be that that one chance would come to me?" He looked at me very thoughtfully and smiled, and said, "My dear boy, you go, because you show such determination and perseverance." But he told my companion he had better turn back to his home.

From Aintab we went down to Aleppo. There we met an American medical missionary who was preparing to return to America because he was disgruntled with the other missionaries and their ideas of Christian work.*

On our arrival at Aleppo we met some merchants from Chunkus, where I have already said I taught school. They urged me very strongly to return to Chunkus, and said that they would guarantee a high salary if I would take charge of the school in Chunkus. They were men of high standing in the community, and I had always had high regard and respect for them. But to them I said, "I will not return, I have started for America, and will reach there unless I die on the way." When those people found that I was very decided they volunteered to go with me to this medical missionary, whom they knew, and introduced me to him. We went to see the gentleman, who had his wife and four children with him. The youngest child was three years old.

The gentleman received us cordially, and my friends in a preliminary talk told him about me and

*I am intentionally leaving out the names of people to cover up their identity, since I am giving my personal and convincing opinions of them.

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my determination to go to America, and asked him if he could do anything for me. After he had a consultation with his wife in another room, he came back to us and said that he would have me go with them to America under certain conditions, namely, that I would act as a servant for his family, and that I would not be a burden financially, and would look after his children. As my ambition was so great to reach America I was willing to grasp any opportunity and accept any terms. He wrote out an agreement to sign, binding me to him entirely, but said nothing on his part of what he would be willing to do. My friends, being much older than I, and experienced business men, saw at once that that would be signing a paper which I ought not to sign. However, I did sign.

My companion from Kharpoot decided to return to his home, although he did not wish to do so alone and be taunted for his lack of courage. But he went, and I got rid of that constant discouraging influence. But my Chunkus friends put the matter to me in a business light. Out of my eighteen pounds, borrowed money, I had already spent four pounds, and I had only fourteen pounds left with which to pay my passage and food and room wherever we had to stop in Europe. As this medical missionary had put in the agreement that I was to serve him and his family without any compensation, without even food or lodging, my Armenian friends spent a long time trying to convince me that I would suffer greatly on the way, but I did not listen to them and wanted to

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go on. My impression was that this family were going directly to America—an erroneous impression as I later discovered.

This medical missionary had a summer home up in the mountains between Antioch and the Mediterranean Sea. All his furniture and household goods were there. He notified me he would start at a certain date for his summer home, and I got ready to accompany them, and left for Antioch with the family. My Armenian friends came to see me off; they all begged me, tears in their eyes, not to go, but I was hard-headed and did not listen. We arrived at the summer home in the mountains and began packing up, and I came in very handy in the work. There were other missionaries summering in this place, and in my spare time I used to work for these other missionaries, by which I got my food.

During the time we were in this town there was fever there. The fever invaded a family, consisting of husband, wife and seven children; the husband died and the mother came down with the fever. Some of the children came to this medical missionary, threw themselves at his feet, and with tears in their eyes begged him to go and see their mother. But this "good man" kicked the children in my presence, and told them that he didn't care; that he was no longer a medical missionary, and was going to America, although he was drawing his regular salary and was to draw it until he reached America.

We had an auction selling his household goods. Anything he could sell at profit over and above cost

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he sold, and other things he would not sell. When I told him it might cost a great deal of money to take those things to America he said, "The American Board will pay the freight," so he would not be the loser. Finally he heard that there was a French steamer sailing from Latakia, a seaport town near his summer home, which was to reach there in a few days. So we started for the seaport. The steamer arrived, I bought my ticket as deck passenger, and the medical missionary was in the first-class cabin. From Latakia, calling at different ports, we reached Alexandria, Egypt. As the steamer stopped there from only morning to night, and also as the city was fever-stricken, we had no chance to see it.

We left Alexandria direct for Marseilles, France, calling at Malta, where we had a chance to land and look around the island. It was my first acquaintance with the English army and English people. I do not mean that I got acquainted with them, but saw the way they conducted things, which differed entirely from anything I had seen in Turkey. From there we went directly to Marseilles. On our arrival there the steamer was held in harbor for some time without allowing the passengers to land. The following morning the steamer with all its passengers were ordered to a quarantine island, as the steamer came from Egypt, and there was a fear that we might have brought the fever. All the passengers were ordered out of the steamer and into the island, and were requested to wash their clothes in the sea water and bathe twice a day.

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My protector and friend, the doctor, took the notion one morning to go to the water for his bath, being acquainted so thoroughly with Bible history, he appeared at the edge of the water in the same condition that Adam was in the Garden of Eden, and while I was looking out of the window with many others we saw a comical sight. The women, having separate quarters, saw this man of God walking as God had created Adam. Their indignation was aroused and they rushed out from their quarters with brooms, mops and many other implements to teach this man a little decency. I confess, in my mind was mingled sorrow and considerable pleasure to see him get what was coming to him.

CHAPTER III

A SLAVE TO A CHRISTIAN MISSIONARY

WE were at this island five days, but finally the steamer made the harbor of Marseilles. After the passengers and their luggage were examined the medical missionary found we could take the train for Paris immediately. He and his family went in the second-class compartment and I took a third-class passage. In due time we reached Paris, and we went to a hotel near the Madeline. As my funds were getting less and less, I was obliged to have a sleeping room on the ground floor, which was evidently usually used as a store-room. After they got rested, in a couple of days, they wanted to see the sights and interesting places of Paris. I had to go with them in order to look after the children. The youngest one I had to carry in my arms constantly. He was a fat and restless child and I had great difficulty to continue this work. At night my arms and shoulders were very painful from the strain. We stayed there nearly two weeks, and I finally told the missionary-doctor that I either had to find some work to support me, or else I must find some way to live.

I remember one time as we were going around sight-seeing they stopped at a restaurant to get lunch and he took his family in, and told me to wait out-

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side until they got through their lunch. At another time when they stopped for lunch and I went in with them he told me to sit at another table, and I, not knowing the language, could not read the menu and did not know what to do. The waiter came and said something to me. I asked the doctor what he said, and the doctor told me the waiter wanted to know what I wanted to eat. Knowing that bread was the cheapest food, I told him I wanted bread. They finished their lunch before I did and got up and left, and when I finished my bread I left the table to follow them. The waiter stood in front of me, talking rather excitedly, and when I saw the doctor at the door I made a motion for him. He came, and I asked him what this man was saying. The doctor replied, "You have not paid for your bread, so he wants the money." I paid him, and as soon as I joined the family on the sidewalk he told me to take the little boy in my arms and follow them. We stayed in Paris about two weeks, and then decided to go to London.

When I bought my third-class ticket, as I remember now, I do not think I had as much as a dollar left. After crossing the channel, as all the travelers know, the train is made up on the English side, part of it to go to Charing Cross Station in London and the other part to go to London Bridge Station. I got into a third-class car, but I did not know the customs of travel in England, and not knowing the language I did not know whether the portion of the train I was on went to Charing Cross or London

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Bridge. Before we arrived at London the trains were separated. My good friend, the doctor, had forgotten me entirely. The train I was on went to London Bridge, and the train with the doctor and his family went to Charing Cross. When I arrived at London Bridge Station I naturally looked for the people I was with; to my sorrow and disappointment, I did not find them. The guard came to talk to me, but I could not understand a word. My bag and myself were left on the platform all alone.

My agreement, verbally, with the doctor was that they were to teach me English en route, but from the time I met them until I left them in Liverpool they never spoke to me in English. Even the children would not talk to me in English, but always spoke Turkish. One day I asked one of the children why they did not speak English to me, as the old saying is, "You can learn a great deal of the truth from children and fools," so the boy said to me, "My father and mother have told us not to say anything in English while you are around."

When the guard found out I could not speak English he took me to the waiting-room and showed me a seat and went away. Every few minutes he would bring somebody to see if I could talk to him, but none could speak in Armenian or Turkish, the only languages I could speak.

Very fortunately I was wearing a Turkish cap, and naturally I was a curiosity. I well remember a very fine-looking gentleman, who impressed me as being highly educated and very friendly disposed,

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who came to me and tried to talk in some Eastern languages. He asked me some questions, and in the words I understood "Turk" I nodded my head. Then he called a policeman, and in talking to the policeman I caught the words "Turkish Consul." This gentleman gave some money to the policeman and left me with the expression on his face of kindness and pity towards me. In a while the policeman came, took my bag, motioned me to follow him, and took me outside the station where he had a cab waiting. He motioned me to get in, and got in also. He spoke to the cabman and we drove off.

No one can realize how I was feeling. In a strange land, among strangers, not able to talk. Many times the tears came to my eyes, but I controlled myself. After a long drive the cab stopped. The policeman got out, paid the cabman, took my bag, motioned to me to follow, and went to a house, and I followed. When he rang the bell somebody came to the door who was wearing a Turkish cap like mine. The policeman spoke to him and the doorkeeper addressed me in Turkish. I was so dumbfounded that I could not speak for several seconds. Then the policeman left, and I met the officers of the consulate, and also the consul himself, a Greek gentleman, very kind-hearted. I told them my story, and they held a consultation as to how to find my friend the doctor. One of the first things they asked me was, Did this doctor have my money in his possession? I showed them what money I had, and they asked me if that was *all* that I had.

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I answered yes. I remember well how they all laughed when they saw the few cents I had, and yet I was headed for America! The consul told one of his men to tell the cook to prepare something for me to eat, as they found I had had no food for nearly a day. After eating, my head was a little clearer and I had lost my utter discouragement over my destitute condition.

The consul took me to the Turkish Ambassador. (I presume such cases at that time were so rare that they thought it a very important matter to solve.) The Turkish Ambassador was a Greek also, and was of very kind, commanding appearance. They, of course, spoke in Turkish, which I could understand. They thought at first of advertising for my friend the doctor, but finally they decided to make inquiries of missionary societies, Young Men's Christian Association, and several other Christian societies in London. The Turkish Ambassador talked to me very kindly, and advised me to return to Turkey, giving as an example of what Americans might be—my friend, the doctor. I had told them I had exhausted my finances by paying my own expenses while traveling with the doctor, and yet doing more for them than a paid servant would do. Using the argument that this was a religious man, had been sent to Turkey to do good and to teach people to be good Christians, he said, "If such a man would do such things, what would the ordinary Americans be?" He even offered to pay my expenses to go back. But I declined his offer with grateful thanks.

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In my younger days, while in the missionary school at Kharpoot, the missionary used to tell us of the wonderful country of America and the noble people who inhabited it. The teacher recited the case of a town in Pennsylvania where the gate of the jail of the town had not been opened in six months, because the people were so good. When I had been in this country for some time, remembering the name of the town to which the missionary had referred, I investigated the jail history of that time, and for years back, and found that the jail had been so full they could not admit another prisoner, so the gate was closed. The second day after meeting the Turkish Ambassador, one of the servants told me to go with him to the headquarters of one of the missionary societies and describe my friend the doctor.

As we were riding on top of the bus I noticed a bus coming from the opposite direction. As everything was new to me, I was observing everything. As the buses came nearer together, to my great astonishment, I noticed among the other passengers my friend, the doctor. Without considering how it would sound, I began yelling to him, calling him by his name. Then the representative of the embassy and I got down from our bus and the doctor descended from his. In this singular way I found my "friend." Then we took another bus back to the Turkish Embassy. It did my soul good to hear the talk that the ambassador gave to the doctor. I took my bag and accompanied him to where he had lodgings. After we arrived there I showed the doctor

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all the money I had left, telling him that I was at my wit's end to know how I was going to feed myself and reach America.

Through some religious people, they found work for me in a grocery store, where I did what I could, limited as I was as to language. And for that work they gave me a little space to lodge in their warehouse, which was connected with the store. They kindly furnished me with some grocery bags as a mattress, and some for blankets, and also agreed to give me a loaf of bread a day, some sugar and some cheese.

I had inherited my religious life from my mother. I never prayed so earnestly and faithfully to God to give me strength to stand all these hardships, and to wait patiently until I could reach America.

The doctor required me to go to their lodgings after my work in the store was over, to look after the children and carry the little boy if they wanted to go out. This arrangement with the grocer had given me a chance not to touch my few cents which I had left.

To my great surprise and disappointment, one day the doctor notified me that he had decided to stay in London for a while to "raise money for the Protestant church in Urfa." I did not know personally whether he was requested by the church or by the missionaries to engage in raising money, but long after I learned that he undertook to do this in order to give himself something to do. So he told me, according to our arrangement, I was to consider

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my duty to him rather than anything else, which was to look after his children and do whatever the family required of me. By this time my sense of justice had awakened, and I told him that my understanding in making the arrangement was that we were to go straight to America, and as I had already exhausted my means I would have to do something—at least to earn my food. But he thought differently.

I want to explain right here why I was depending upon him. When we arrived in America, it was understood he or his friends would find me employment. This was to end his part of the contract. I told him if he would give me a letter of introduction to a friend of his to find me employment in America, and also loan me my passage money, I would start alone, but these suggestions he refused pointblank. It is unnecessary to state that he and his wife were the most unreasonable, selfish, contemptibly mean people that I have *ever* met before or since. Their actions at that time aroused my suspicion that all the Americans, if not worse, were certainly as mean as they were. However, I was taught by my mother to respect and live up to my contracts to the letter, verbal or otherwise.

So I decided to stay a little longer, but the grocer seemed to be dissatisfied and not willing to let me off for part of each day to devote to the doctor's family. Of course, I could not understand what the grocer was saying, but could judge by his manner of talking and acting towards me that he was not satisfied. So I saw the doctor and told him that I was

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afraid the grocer would discharge me, and asked him to see the grocer himself. The following day the doctor came to the grocery store with the written agreement that I had signed in Aleppo, and they had some conversation, after which the doctor told me that the grocer would allow me only a loaf of bread and the place to sleep in the store-room for a half day's work, cutting off the sugar and cheese. As I was entirely helpless and did not want to starve, I accepted the situation.

So I had to get up early in the morning, clean up the store, put things in order, working until noon, then go to the doctor's lodgings and do whatever they wished done. God was merciful to me, as the doctor found great difficulty and much opposition among the church people in "raising money," so he decided to go on to Liverpool, and told me the day they were going. The question at once came up, where would I be able to get the money to pay my fare to Liverpool? Finally I approached the doctor again and begged him to loan me one pound. After consultation with his wife, he finally made me the loan. He wrote a note for it and told me where to sign my name, and I did sign without knowing what was written, except his verbal statement that it was a note on demand.

After I reached America he found me some three years later and made a demand for the payment of the note. I had just saved a few dollars, and I paid him the equivalent of the pound, but he told me, before he would surrender the note, that there was

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interest on the note at the rate of twelve per cent per annum. I paid it, and told him that I never wanted to see him again. I should forgive him for the mean way he had treated me, but, like an Indian, I would not forget it.

He had already made arrangements through missionary connections and hired a cottage by the sea, five miles outside Liverpool. We went there, and they let me sleep in an unoccupied room in the cottage, and he showed me where I could buy something to eat. The next morning he told me that I must find something to do for half of each day. I did not know what to do, as I did not yet speak enough English to be understood, although I had picked up a few words, so I begged him to help me to find work. That section of Liverpool being a farming district, he got work for me on a farm, where I was to get my board and sleep in the haystack, and a shilling besides for half a day's work. The rest of the day I had to serve them. I stayed on the farm until the man finished his haying, when he let me go.

The next work I got through this farmer, a very kind man, was in a brickyard some two miles away. My work was to pump water for the brick-making. Here I was to receive two shillings and my board and a place to sleep in the yard—and here also I was to work half a day. I started in the morning working on the pump. (In those days there were no force pumps, they had to use horsepower to draw water from the well or pump it by hand.) I worked

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very diligently and faithfully to supply the needed water in making brick. I pumped with my right hand, and then with my left, and when the noon hour came we stopped for dinner; but to my great sorrow I began to feel terrible pains in both arms. They began to swell. I confess a few tears relieved my heavy heart. After dinner I walked back to the doctor's cottage. When I arrived there I found both of my arms so swollen that I could not take off my coat, and the doctor gave me a prescription and I went to the drug store and got something to rub on my arms. In two or three days I got relief from my pain, but I gave up my job at the brickyard.

When I went to get my two shillings for what I had done the first day, the superintendent told me (by showing his three fingers, I understood him to say) that he would give me three shillings if I could stay, but I found it impossible to do that work.

As I had just about eight shillings earned, working on the farm and the brickyard, I went to the farmer and asked him if I could still sleep in his haystack. I had another talk with the doctor and I arranged with him to have my half day to hunt up work. So I used to walk to Liverpool every morning, hoping to find some Eastern people who could speak Turkish or Armenian. The thought came to me that if I should wear my Turkish cap I might be more easily recognized by Eastern people. This thing went on for several days, and I found that my little money was dwindling away. I began to buy a loaf of stale bread once a day, which was half the usual price.

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After several days tramping through the docks and business section of Liverpool, I saw a man in the streets wearing a Turkish fez like myself. He looked at me and I looked at him, and I finally went up to him and addressed him in Turkish. To my great joy, I found that he was an Armenian from Bairut, Syria, who had come with a ship loaded with wheat. He asked me what I was doing, and I told him my circumstances. Then he told me if I would meet him at that place the following morning he would take me to the office of an Armenian merchant who had a cotton factory in Manchester, and vessels that carried his goods to Turkey, Egypt, and as far as India. Although I was tired and sick and discouraged, and being weak from lack of proper food, yet the distance between Liverpool and the haystack seemed to be short, and my heart was not so heavy.

That afternoon as usual, I went to the doctor's and did whatever they required of me, but I did not tell the doctor about meeting a fellow-countryman.

The next morning, good and early, I headed for Liverpool. I went to the spot where we were to meet. I waited a little, when to my great joy I saw the man coming. He took me to this Armenian merchant's office. Evidently he had spoken to the merchant about me after meeting me the day before. The Armenian gentleman asked me many questions about how I started, and what was my intention. I related my various experiences as briefly as I could to him. After hearing my story, he advised me very

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strongly to go back to Constantinople. I had no money to go back or forward. I was stranded. He told me he had a steamer of his own loading to go to Constantinople, and he would put me in charge of the captain. But he said, "If you have positively decided to go to America, I will see that you get there." I begged him to keep his offer open until the following day. As I was leaving his office he, being an elderly gentleman, took my hand, looked straight into my eyes, and said, "I hope you will consider the matter carefully. America is unknown to you. You don't know the language; you have no friends there, and may have a repetition of your experience since you left Turkey." He referred to the actions of the doctor and my experiences with him, and said, "This man was sent by the American Christians to spread their form of christianity; and if he has treated you so badly, what can you expect from ordinary Americans?" I promised I would consider the matter very seriously, and at whatever time he suggested the next day would come with my decision. He told me what time I could see him, and I thanked him.

As I was going out of the door he asked me if I could get a letter of recommendation from the doctor to some friend of his in America. I immediately left his office and reached the cottage in much shorter time than usual, because I could see a little light and some hope of freeing myself from slavery. (After years in this country I read Harriet Beecher Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and it was

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one of the most interesting books to me, because some of my experiences with the doctor were far worse than any story of American slaves, short of being physically beaten.)

When I reached the doctor's house I told him what prospect there was for me. He laughed and said that was all humbug. But I asked if he was willing to give me a letter. At first he refused, saying, "If you leave me in this manner I will not give you any letter, and I will hold you to your written contract." This was the first time I had ever shown any anger. I rose from my seat, looked straight at him, and I confess anger was written on my face. I told him if he didn't want to give me a letter he did not need to, but he could not hold me as a slave, and I should expose in the newspapers his contemptible acts for the four months that I had been with him. As I started to leave, he asked me if he could see this Armenian merchant. I told him "NO," and went to my haystack to think the matter over, to decide whether to return to Turkey or go on to America. The doctor followed me as far as the haystack, trying to convince me that it would be better for me to wait until his family went to America and go with them. I told him it was impossible for me to starve and live in a haystack. He went away.

I spent most of that night with serious thought and prayer to God to show me which was the better course for me to take, and then went to sleep. The next morning I rose with more than usual determina-

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tion not to back out, but to go on to America. Before I started for Liverpool, the doctor appeared at the haystack and urged me with unusual courtesy to let him go with me to my newly found friend, the Armenian merchant. I could see no objection to it, so we started out. It was a great satisfaction to me to oblige him to take that long walk with me.

When we arrived at the merchant's office I introduced the doctor to the gentleman. As all three of us could speak Turkish, the conversation was in that language. The merchant asked him to verify my statement about his treatment of me. He could not deny it, and admitted it. I told the merchant that I had decided to go on to America if he would kindly make the loan for my passage. He sent one of his secretaries to the Cunard office to find out when the steamers sailed to America. The secretary came back with the report that the first steamer of that line would leave in three days for Boston, and the doctor told him that all his friends and relatives lived in or around Boston, and that he would give me a letter to his wife's brother, who represented large manufacturing interests in Massachusetts, and would endeavor to find work for me.

Then the merchant sent his secretary to buy for me a third-class ticket from Liverpool to Haverhill. When the man came back with the ticket, my benefactor handed the ticket to me with two English pounds in gold. I refused to take the money, but he said, "You are not going to your home and relatives. You will need some money on your arrival

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there." So I took the ticket and the gold and begged him to give me his card and address.

Before we left his office he gave a sound tongue-lashing to the doctor, and told him that it was a pity for the charitable people to waste their money by sending such a poor specimen of American Christianity to Turkey to regenerate the Armenians, who were among the few early Christian nations in the world. I went back to my haystack and lived on my stale bread and water until the good old steamer *Bothnia* was ready to sail for Boston.

When I got on board I found one of the secretaries of my benefactor waiting for me, who introduced me to the captain and purser, and left. People who travel over the seas know that life on a steamship does not vary, except the storm and the waves of the sea which change the temper as well as the physical condition of passengers, particularly so long ago when they had no wireless or radio.

It took us thirteen days to reach Boston. When I was over my seasickness I tried to pick up English by asking questions of any one who, I felt, had human kindliness on his face.

CHAPTER IV

FIRST EXPERIENCES IN AMERICA

THE steamer arrived at Boston on Sunday. As we landed we had to pass before a doctor to see if we had been vaccinated for smallpox. I had been vaccinated in Liverpool, when I had already had smallpox in my childhood. After this inspection was over, then we had our luggage examined. One of the first experiences of cruelty by an American Government representative was when one of the immigration agents said something to me, which I did not understand, and he slapped me on my face. (Looking back to my first experience going through the immigration department, I do not wonder that many of the immigrants never forget their cruel treatment on landing.)

The Cunard Company's agent knew there was a train that afternoon for Haverhill, and I was sent by the company to what is now called North Station in Boston to take the train for Haverhill, as my ticket was through to that town and the steamship company had to transport me there.

In Turkey, the Government, while not interfering with churches, objects to the ringing of any bells for church service. As the train left the station it seemed as if the bells were ringing all the time as we went through different towns. Being ignorant

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of the railroad rules, I thought it was the church bells ringing, and I began to feel happy to think I had already arrived in the country where the Christian religion was the religion of the country, and the church bells were freely rung.

On my arrival in Haverhill I had the doctor's letter addressed to his wife's brother, showed it to the railroad people, and made them understand by signs that I wanted to go to that address, and I was sent there. I rang the bell and the servant came to the door. I handed the letter to her and waited outside. In a few minutes the gentleman appeared. He took me to the stable, where there was a sleeping room, and told me that would be my room, and I was left alone.

Next morning the servant came with some breakfast. After breakfast the gentleman came, took me outside and showed me a large pile of firewood, gave me a saw and axe, showed me how to saw and split the wood. I started my first work in America. As I wanted to please the man, I worked as hard as I could. At noon the cook came where I was and motioned to me to go to the kitchen to have dinner. After dinner I went back to my work again, working until sunset. This was the latter part of October, 1876, just about five months after I left my home.

In the late afternoon the gentleman came from his office in Boston and came to see me before going into the house. He saw the pile of wood sawed and split. There was a broad grin of satisfaction on his face. I made myself useful to the cook in the

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kitchen by carrying wood and doing errands for her. She became very kind to me. Once in a while between meals she smuggled some eatables to me while I was working. Naturally, I was contented after my months of trials and tribulations and kept at the wood. When the woodpile was finished he put me to clearing his flower beds and gardens.

This gentleman's father was an old man, very kindly disposed, and, having nothing to do, used to come out where I was working and would pick up things and tell me their names in English. In many other ways he was very kind to me. After I finished this gentleman's work I was sent to a cousin of his, who had many tenement houses, and did repairs on these houses himself with hired help. When I went to his house he discharged his hired help.

My life in this house was much different from the other. This present employer was an old-fashioned Yankee who utilized his time in making money, and utilized his help's time for the same purpose. I was required to rise early—between four-thirty and five o'clock—feed his horse and then go to the kitchen, clean the stove and make the fire, as they kept no servant. Then he would come down himself and start cooking the breakfast. While he was doing that I went to the stable, cleaned the horse and stall, and then came back for breakfast. As soon as that was over I harnessed the horse and we started out to go to work. As I remember, he had between one hundred and one hundred and fifty tenement houses. As the tenants moved in and out, we had to go to

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the empty house, paint (if necessary), paper, clean the floors, set glass in broken windows; in fact, clean it from top to bottom. In this way I made myself useful. If I may be pardoned, I want to say I was very quick to learn, and always ready to make myself useful to him. I never received a penny for my work at this place or the other; all I got was my board.

The wife of the real estate man was a fine character. As her son and daughter called her mother, I also called her mother, and she was very kind to me in many ways. I frequently caught a few words in their conversation when she was trying to influence her husband to give me some money. In this matter I would also like to give credit to the daughter, who was a fine-spirited girl who would join in with her mother in scolding her father for treating me so meanly. But the old penurious man would say, "Well, he don't know the language." I had been supplied by my mother with underclothes, stockings, etc. I had also bought before I left home a good suit. As my mother had taught me to wash and darn and sew on buttons, I was not suffering on that score; but the old gentleman gave me an overcoat that he had used many years and patched so much that it reminded me of the story of Joseph and his coat of many colors.

While I was working at the second place the old gentleman at the first place was taken sick. They had nurses, but he was not satisfied with them, so one day his son, for whom I had previously worked,

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came to his cousin's house. They were talking about his father, as far as I could understand, and every once in a while they would look at me. After a time the gentleman turned to me and said in words and by signs that his father was sick, and that he wanted me to go there at night and watch with him. As I liked the old gentleman very much indeed, I consented to do it. At this second place there was a son and daughter, who were very kind, and were trying to teach me English every evening. This nursing business interfered with my study of English, but I was kindly disposed to the old gentleman and I was willing to give up my pursuit of English to be of use to him.

I started that night. The understanding was that I was to watch with the old gentleman at night and go back to the busy landlord in the morning to do my work for him. This nursing lasted, as well as I remember now, about three weeks, when the old gentleman passed away.

A few days before this the sick man called his son to him, and his second daughter, and told them in my presence that if he died he wanted all his clothes given to me. After the funeral the son of the deceased brought to me five pairs of darned stockings. That is all I received for three weeks of sleepless nights. But I had a proud spirit, although poor. I did not wear the stockings; I kept them for years.

After many years, when I was a successful business man, I returned them to this gentleman by express, with a letter telling him I had kept these

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socks all these years to remember his father, but now I returned them to him, hoping he would also remember his father. Another incident in connection with him: He being an agent of several cotton mills, the companies had decided to change their office headquarters to another building, which necessitated refurnishing of the rooms. He came to my store and told me they needed some rugs, and that he had already gone to other shops and got prices, but if I would meet those prices he would like to buy them of me, for the sake of old times, so he selected a few and I sent them to his office.

I called at his office the following day to know what he had decided. To my great astonishment, I found rugs from five other firms. He told me the directors had not had time to look them over and he wished to keep them for a couple of days more. I went away. The third day he called at my store and told me if I would take off twenty-five per cent on my prices of the rugs he would buy mine. I asked him how the other prices compared with mine, but he wanted me to sell mine cheaper because he was the first man who gave me work when I landed in America. I told him I would not do it. He went away, saying he would consider the matter. Shortly after I got one of my men and an express wagon and went to his office. Very fortunately he was there. I told him I had come for my goods, and we began to roll the rugs. He started arguing with me that I had better sell them cheaper than the others. After the rugs had been taken away from his office, in the

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presence of one of the directors, I told him that I would have no business dealings with a man who had disregarded his dying father's request.

He came to see me again, but I refused absolutely to do any business with him. His wife, who had inherited a large fortune from her father who was Congressman and a manufacturer as well, was a very kind lady, although I came very little in contact with her. After the rug incident she came to buy some rugs herself. As I had a high regard for her, I treated her very courteously and told her my experience with her husband, but she smoothed it over. I told her if it was to patronize me, I didn't care to sell her any rugs, but if it was a purely business matter I would gladly show all she wanted and treat her as I treated all customers. She came to my store quite frequently and expressed her admiration for me for the courage I had shown, and the successful business I had established in the city of Boston.

All these months in Haverhill I used to go to church and attend Sunday School — all of which helped me to make fairly good progress in English.

After working for this landlord for nearly ten months and not receiving any money, I began to feel that I must do something else. I told the man that I could not live on my board and room only; that I must earn some money. Meantime I had made some friends in the church and Sunday School and I had told them my condition. Then they all told me that, even if I stayed many years there, I would have small chance to earn any money. They also told me

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the gentleman I was working for was noted for his penurious ways, and that was the way he had been able to build so many tenement houses.

One day I had a confidential talk with the gentleman and told him that I would like to learn the tanning business, with the intention of going back to Turkey to start that business, which was not known in Turkey. Although tanning was done in Turkey, it was done in a crude manner. Then I told my ambitions to another man, and he said if I wished he would be glad to go with me to Boston to see a man, John Cummings, who was the president of the Shawmut National Bank of Boston, and who had a large tannery in Woburn, Massachusetts. I was very glad to accept his kind offer, and we went. He was kind enough also to pay my expenses, although I had those two pounds which were loaned me by the Armenian merchant in Liverpool. He introduced me to Mr. Cummings, who was one of the old-fashioned American gentlemen, courteous and kind. I told him what my desires were, and the man who was with me explained it more fully, because I had spoken to him several times on the subject. The bank president consented to arrange for me with his foreman. As I had to go back to Haverhill to get my things, he told me to come back in a day or two ready to go to work.

A couple of days later I went to the bank and he sent one of his secretaries to the station with me, who bought my ticket and telegraphed to the superintendent to have some one meet me in Woburn.

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On my arrival I found a carriage waiting for me, and we drove to the factory. I had a talk with the superintendent, who told me that he would give me \$4.50 a week, from which I must pay my board and room. I accepted it and he sent me to a boarding house, where I paid \$3.75 a week for my board and room, and I had 75 cents a week left. In a few weeks I found I was accumulating a few dollars. I confess I never felt so rich before or since as I did when counting my savings. Twenty-five cents at that time looked to me as big as a cart wheel.

We used to work ten hours a day from Monday morning to Saturday evening. During the summer days, when the days were longer, after supper I had made arrangements with a farmer where I could go and work a couple of hours, and I received 25 cents a day for this labor. In this way I had accumulated enough money to dare to return to the Armenian merchant in Liverpool the two pounds which I had not spent and my passage money which he had advanced to me. It was a very happy day when I could feel I was paying my indebtedness.

In Woburn I attended church and Sunday School, sociables and all church gatherings—all of which helped me to increase my knowledge of English. The pastor at the North Woburn Congregational Church was Professor Anderson, who had married Dr. Cyrus Hamlin's daughter, who was born in Constantinople. As soon as Professor Anderson and his wife heard that there was an Armenian in town they looked me up and came to see me. When

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they spoke to me in Armenian I was so overjoyed and happy that tears came to my eyes. Professor Anderson told me that he had taught in Robert College in Constantinople, and Mrs. Anderson told me of her birth in Constantinople. The first opportunity they had, one Sunday, they came with their carriage and took me to their home, where we had Armenian cooking which Mrs. Anderson had prepared. I very often visited them, and they made me feel perfectly at home. This friendship has lasted until now, although Mrs. Anderson passed away a few years ago, but my friendship with Professor Anderson and his children remains cordial as it always has been. Through them I met Dr. Cyrus Hamlin, for he visited them very often. One morning Professor Anderson brought him over to see me at the tannery where I was working. I had never met him before, although I had heard a great deal about him. Dr. Hamlin, without any exception, was the greatest friend the Armenians had among the American missionaries. It made no difference to him whether or not an Armenian was a graduate of Robert College, which he established in Constantinople, his admiration was for the nation and not for individuals. He was the one who introduced in Constantinople to Armenians the higher education and European languages. He could speak the native languages, Turkish and Armenian.

During the Crimean War, when the great question was of feeding the vast English army and the hospitals, Dr. Hamlin volunteered to establish

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bakeries, and offered his services to the Commander of the English, which were readily accepted. He had the reputation of baking the best bread ever supplied to any army. He was a wonderful genius and could turn his hand and mind to any emergency that arose. He was so successful in aiding the English Army that the English Parliament passed a resolution thanking Dr. Cyrus Hamlin for his great aid in feeding the army. From this worthy enterprise he had made a profit of thirty-five thousand dollars, all of which he turned over to the treasury of the American Board. In talking with him at one time, I asked him why he turned that money to the American Board. His reply was, "I was drawing my salary from the Board, and my time belonged to the work of the Board; therefore, whatever money I made I felt belonged to the Board."

Dr. Hamlin used to tell me his experiences with his work in Constantinople. He met opposition from the Turks and Gregorian Armenians, Roman Catholics, Russian and German embassies, because they felt that whatever he did was as much for the English interest as for anything else. He used to tell me how he met Sultan Aziz and Sultan Mejid to get permits to build his great institution. He had many conferences with Turkish ministers and the representatives of foreign embassies, trying to convince them that it was for the interest of the country to have such an institution. At that time he was the best known and most highly respected foreigner in Constantinople. When the first steam engine was

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invented he was a student in Bowdoin College in Maine. The president of it, knowing the genius of the young man, Cyrus Hamlin, asked him if he could make a steam engine. He said he would try. In due time he made one and presented it to the college. It is said to be as perfect a model as any one who had no actual knowledge of one could have made. Dr. Hamlin told me, relating the above, that he had never seen one when he made his model.

When Professor Anderson pointed me out to Dr. Hamlin I could see in his twinkling eyes great joy, and he said to me, "I am so happy to see an Armenian in this country." Our friendship grew more intimate until he passed away, when it was my sad duty to act as pallbearer, at his request.

My life in Woburn was uneventful, only coming in contact with Americans at church functions without any exertion on my part, my ways and habits grew better and better. I was in Woburn over three years, the second year earning five dollars a week, and the third earning six dollars a week. In the meantime I had by saving accumulated some money, part of which I sent to the children of my uncle, who had died insolvent. The belief in the East, which is prevalent among all Christian nations, is that when a man dies leaving debts, unless they are paid, his soul will remain in purgatory. So all children and relatives would join forces to pay such indebtedness to get his soul out of purgatory; and I, being one of the relatives, did my share to pay that indebtedness. With the money I had earned I paid all my own

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indebtedness, including all the money I had borrowed for my traveling expenses to this country, so I was free from all financial obligations.

After I had learned the tanning trade the American Board, with whom I always kept my friendly relations, requested me to learn a little about the printing business. As I had no money to pay my way, and there was no prospect of earning while I was learning the trade, the American Board arranged that I go around to different churches and Sunday Schools and tell about the missionary work in Turkey. In some places they took up a contribution, and in some they sent a lump sum to the American Board towards my expenses while learning printing.

I worked in the printing department of the Congregationalist, the Frank Wood printing establishment and also in a Summerville, Massachusetts, newspaper office. In none of those places was I paid anything. Two church gentlemen of Boston had donated to "Eastern Turkey College," in later years called the Euphrates College, a foot press. I was to run that and teach the students of the college to run it.

CHAPTER V

RETURN TO KHARPOOT

BEFORE I left Boston for Turkey, some business men, acquaintances of mine, suggested that I take some American tools to introduce them into Turkey. As I had no money to buy, I went to some wholesale dealers for some of the things I thought I might sell. They consigned a few things, such as picks, shovels, carpenter tools, sewing machines and small farming implements; all of these things were sent by freight to Constantinople.

The principal thing which faced me was my passage money. I had a few dollars, but not sufficient to pay my fare to Constantinople. Fortunately, there was a tramp steamer going to Constantinople, so I engaged myself as one of the crew and sailed. I cannot remember how much money I received for my labor, but I made more than enough to take me to Kharpoot. No happier woman could have been found in that section than my mother to have me back safe.

On my arrival in Kharpoot I found a Turkish bath house that had pools or vats much like the kind the tanneries built in this country to cure their leather. This building being vacant I hired it, then through the financial aid of my friends there I bought hides and the necessary ingredients which are used in tanning. I put two of my brothers into it

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and taught them how to watch the hides in process of curing. The process of curing hides in those years, even in this country, was very slow; it took from six to eight months. And in the meantime I hired a store to exhibit the things I had gotten on consignment in Boston. So my brothers and myself were in one place or the other.

My disposition being a very energetic one, I also undertook to run the foot press, and got a few of the students and taught them to set type and print little pamphlets and a small newspaper, which were very useful to the country. This newspaper was the first one ever published in that country. So I had three kinds of business: tanning, selling hardware, and printing.

One of my customers there was the governor of that province, who came to buy the shovels and picks for a copper and silver mine within a short distance from Kharpoot. He selected what he wanted and requested me to send them to the Government office. I asked him who was going to pay for these things. He told me the Government of the province would pay, but would not tell me when, so I told him very frankly that I had bought these things on consignment, on condition that as soon as I sold them I was to return the money. He was not satisfied with this demand and appeared to be very indignant. Like all dead-beats all over the world, the Turkish Government rarely pays a bill it can avoid paying. At first he was very angry, but I did not change my attitude, but insisted upon payment.

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Finally he gave me an order on the treasury of the province, and I told him as soon as I got the money I would send the goods. This I carried out. I gradually sold my stock, kept my profit, and sent the balance to the firms who had intrusted their goods to me. So much for my business.

Next came the tanning. When my first batch of leather was out there was a great demand, and I was selling my leather as soon as it was ready, and buying more hides. But to my great disappointment an order had come from the custom authorities that I must close up that business. The reason given was that if the leather was manufactured in the country the Government would lose, as there would be no importation to pay duty and bring an income to the treasury. I did everything I could to convince the local authorities, but to no avail. One day the Government representatives came, closed and padlocked the windows and doors of the bath-house. I had some goods inside. It took a long time to get a permit for their removal. This stopped my second enterprise.

The third was the printing. The missionaries were very anxious to have the art of printing introduced in the country, as the smallest pamphlets they needed had to be sent to Constantinople to be printed, so I devoted most of my time to teaching the boys typesetting, composition and printing. This was all in the Armenian language. The type we obtained from Constantinople. One of the first things we did was to print a Kurdish hymn book in

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Armenian characters. The Kurds have a dialect of their own, but no literature whatever. As the Armenian language has thirty-six letters in the alphabet, it is considered a very rich language. We used the Armenian characters to express the Kurdish dialect, and it was a great success, for the Kurdish children in missionary schools were being taught to use Armenian characters.

In printing this hymn book I suggested to the students of the college to go through the business section of the city and raise money to buy paper and ink to publish the book. It was a pleasant thing for us all when we found that the Turks were just as liberal in contributions towards this enterprise as were the Christians. As the work did not cost anything, the book therefore was not a financial obligation on the missionaries. However, it was a disappointment to us boys when we found out that the missionaries had put the price on them, one hundred paras (equivalent to ten cents), and they were portioned off to the different congregations in Kurdistan to native pastors, preachers and teachers, with a request to sell the consignment and credit it to their salary. I strongly protested against it, but to no avail.

It may be hard for the reader to believe that when I wanted a few copies for myself to send them to different printing establishments where I learned printing and to a few other friends, one of the missionaries, who was the domineering spirit among them, insisted that I should personally pay for ten

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copies. I did pay for them, and wrote the secretary of the American Board, Rev. Dr. N. G. Clark, and told him the circumstances, and I protested against the injustice of the whole thing. This opened up a correspondence between Dr. Clark in Boston and the missionaries in Kharpoot. And the domineering missionary resented my corresponding with Dr. Clark, and my independent spirit rebelled against the peremptory order of the missionary to cease writing to Dr. Clark, therefore I kept on writing the facts. Naturally Dr. Clark wrote back to them, asking their version of the trouble, and the missionary could not dispute my charges. There were three missionaries there; the sister of this over-bearing man was the wife of the second missionary. The third one had no family connection with the other missionaries further than being associated with them in their good work. He kept out of this dispute, although he did not condemn my action. All these three missionaries were good Christians; their intentions were good, but two of them lacked judgment and common sense.

While I was working in the printing room and the boys had got so they could do the work, I was asked by the missionary to visit their schools, from three to one hundred and fifty miles away from Kharpoot. My work was very useful to the schools in our districts, and I formed a bond of interest with the ministers, preachers and teachers of those schools and churches, never showing that I was at

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odds with two of the missionaries. I did not feel that I ought to bring personal matters into the work.

During one of those trips one of the missionaries asked me to go with him on a visit to Kurdistan, Diabekir, and some other important towns. As I have referred before to native hospitality, we always were welcomed at the house of the chief man in the town. It made no difference whether he was Christian or Mohammedan.

In one particular place in Kurdistan we visited a town and were the guests of the son-in-law of the native pastor. During the evening my companion, the missionary, went into the stable where our horses were and saw our hostler was burning a candle which belonged to this missionary. The man was using it to see the condition of the horses before retiring for the night. At this time our host happened to be in the stable, but was not seen by either missionary or hostler. The missionary scolded the man for using his candle instead of bringing one from the host's house, the customary thing to do.

Our host heard all the conversation. He came back to my room, where some prominent Armenians of the town were visiting me, and as he entered and began speaking I could see there was some trouble, as I knew the man very well. In a joking way, I asked him what the trouble was. He said to me, "You and I are friends. You can stay here just as long as you wish; your horse will be cared for as my own horses are; my home will be your home, but I am going to ask Mr. ———, your companion, to

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leave my house tonight." And then he told us what he had overheard in the stable. We all treated the matter as a joke and laughed, except the host. I suggested to him to go to bed and dream over the matter, and we would talk it over the following morning.

In the morning, as the breakfast was served, our host came in, and after the meal he turned to the missionary and told him that he wished him to leave his house as soon as possible. And when the missionary asked him the reason, the man told him, adding, "I entertain strangers every day, as is the custom of my country; but I refuse to have in my house a mean guest."

The missionary was naturally mad, and told me to get ready to leave at once; but the host told him that he would not let me go until the object of our visit was accomplished, which was a dispute between the pastor and the parishoners of his church. But the missionary said to me, "We must go," so I got ready to leave, although my inclination was to stay and reconcile the two factions. But when we went to the street to mount our horses my horse was not there and could not be found anywhere. The missionary very unkindly accused me of being in league with our host, but I had had nothing to do with the matter. As I had no horse, I could not go with him, so instead of going to the other out-stations alone he started back for Kharpoot.

After he left I brought the pastor and people together, and I showed both sides their mistakes,

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and they all shook hands with each other, and I offered a prayer to make this peace a lasting one in that community. I kept in touch with that church for years after my return to America, and I have the satisfaction of knowing there have been no differences since. When my work was finished there I told them I must go and wanted to know where my horse was. The host told me that my horse had been well cared for, well fed, and was ready any time I wanted it. The horse was brought to the door and I bade them all good-bye; but to my pleasant surprise I found there were quite a few horses in the street, and when I mounted mine I found many men on their horses, who went out with me quite a distance, our host being among the number. As we were about to part, our host asked me to pray before we parted. It was a very touching scene. There were no eyes that were dry. I continued my journey as it was laid out for us by the missionaries in Kharpoot.

For several days I traveled all alone through a country which was conceded dangerous even for a caravan. The lawless people in such countries always respect a man who has courage to travel alone and rarely molest him. After my trip through Kurdistan I returned to Diarbekir. There were some difficulties there in the church. I settled them and turned my face towards Kharpoot. When I arrived there I visited the missionaries and gave my report. They were very cool to me.

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In two or three days they asked me to come to their house, and when I arrived at their home my missionary companion spoke first. He told me he was thoroughly disappointed with that trip, and they had decided to send me to a prosperous town in Kurdistan as a teacher, with the understanding that I would not visit Kharpoot once in two years. I asked them very pleasantly why there was such a decision, as I had received not one penny for all my work in connection with the printing and visiting distant schools and churches, many times at the risk of my life. They said they had decided and they would not rescind their decision. I stood up and told them, as my services had been entirely gratuitous, I would now sever my connections completely with them, feeling I had paid many times over for the assistance of the American Board during the time I was learning the printing trade. The missionary who had been neutral all through spoke up, thanked me for all I had done without any pay, and told me that he was not a party to the decision that had been made about my banishment. He asked me what I was going to do. I told him I was going back to America.

That is the last I ever tried to work with missionaries. But since then, financially and morally, directly and indirectly, I have been a great help to all missionary work.

CHAPTER VI

KURDS AND THEIR CUSTOMS

NOT all the Kurds are Mohammedans. Among them are Sun, Devil, and Fire worshipers, and also Armenian Christians. They have no written language. They use a dialect of their own. Not all speak the same dialect, but each settlement has its own, as our Indians have. Their occupation is largely as farmers, sheep and goat raisers. Those that have not been converted to Mohammedanism are nearer to Christianity. The question has never been settled as to how they originated. Their physical appearance is that of a strong, straight, tall people of fine carriage, and with good moral character. Their morality could well be adopted by civilized and Christian nations everywhere. Of course, there are among them those whose occupation is robbery, but they never attack a caravan or small group of travelers among whom there are any women. They believe if they attack or molest any women it is cowardice.

These Kurds have the old custom of "breaking bread." Whenever a Kurd wants to become friendly with a stranger he takes bread, dips it in salt, and gives it to the stranger, who bites off a piece; he, in turn, dips the remainder in salt and gives it back to the man who wishes to become his friend, who also eats. After this they are sworn friends, and this friendship endures generation after generation.

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Like all peoples of no written language, they have very strong memories, carrying down from one generation to another the traditions of their race. Like the American Indian, they "will forgive, but they won't forget."

They are honorable in their verbal contracts—more so than many civilized people are to written ones. Another peculiar custom is, that if a man shoots and kills a member of another family and goes at once and freely confesses, he is forgiven and never punished. If, on the other hand, he flees, he is hunted and hounded until he is found, and is himself killed. Kurds are roamers, but always within their own territory.

They are hospitable to a fault, sharing their last crust with either friend or stranger who comes to their tents. Once while I was traveling in a caravan across the Kurdish country a mule was stolen from the muleteer. It happened near the camp of a tribe where this muleteer, who was an Armenian, had "broken bread" with the chief. He at once went to the camp to report his loss. The chief was absent, but his wife immediately called the tribe together and told them the mule must be found. The muleteer came back to our camp and calmly sat and waited. In a short time the mule was returned to him and the caravan moved on.

In traveling east of the Tigris River, which is a Kurdish country, all mountains and valleys, I stopped at a settlement over Sunday, as usual, at the house of the chief of the tribe. During our conversation,

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with our limited knowledge of each other's language, I asked him if they were Mohammedans. He very decidedly, but pleasantly, shook his head, and made the sign of the cross, and I tried to find out his nationality. From the word he used, "Ar-mano," I understood him to be an Armenian.

During Sunday I went to a building where there were many people dancing outside. They joined hands and singing a monotonous but rhythmic song, they kept time dancing in a large circle. I went inside the building and found it was a primitive church building with bare walls and floor. A priest was officiating at the simple altar, but no worshipers were there at that time. I waited inside, leaning against the wall, as there were no seats, and every few minutes one of the dancers would put his head through an open window space, calling out, "Der hir ha-outh?" "Der hir ha-outh bad-rosta?" "Holy father, is communion ready?" And the priest would shake his head. The head would be withdrawn and they would keep on dancing. The priest kept on performing his rites, and when he reached the point where the communion was to be given they all came in, formed a line in front of the altar, and the priest took a small piece of bread, dipped it in wine and dropped it in each open mouth. They made the sign of the cross and mumbled something supposed to be a prayer. But my impression was that neither priest nor people understood the words they were trying to repeat. After the service I tried to talk with the priest, thinking he might speak good Armenian, but

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to my great surprise he was almost as ignorant as his people. There was a Bible on the altar in the ancient Armenian tongue, but I was satisfied that the priest could not read it. He had learned the service parrot-like and was going through it as a form, but undoubtedly he understood somewhat of its spirit.

During this trip we camped in an open, flat country, where were many mounds which interested me. As I was sitting on the ground, with my cane I was tapping it as a pastime. As my stick went into the ground I found the soil seemed to grow hard. I was interested and began to really dig a little; the more I dug the more my interest grew. Finally I was down about a foot and struck a hard, smooth surface. I went into the hole with my hand and felt of the substance. I called one of my men to help me to uncover a larger space. To my great surprise I found a mosaic pavement. We dug up a piece of this pavement and then carefully covered the spot. In my travels I had met archeologists in Egypt, and had learned how their discoveries were made, and from this mosaic and the mounds around us, I was satisfied that there had been a temple and a city in that section.

I went on southeast of the district to a city called Rudvan, populated by Armenian Kurds. The pastor of the Protestant church, whom I knew very well, was himself a Kurd and had been educated in Euphrates College. He told me the river Tigris, which ran near the city, had overflowed its banks recently

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and undermined a hill, which proved to be the ruins of an old Assyrian temple. This being a huge affair, had turned the bed of the river, and he wanted me to go and see the ruins. Walking over the ruins, I discovered a cupboard in one of the walls. Moving the dirt away from the cupboard, I found a cylinder seal of pressed clay; one end of it had hieroglyphics on it. I also found a bronze, representing the head of a bull. On my return to London I took the piece of mosaic pavement and the two articles from the cupboard to the Assyrian Department of the South Kensington Museum. The curator seemed to be very much interested in them and requested me to give him as many details of the places where these were found as I possibly could.

I had made a sketch of the place where I found the mosaic and the distance from surrounding towns, and also I gave him the general description of the ruins of the temple which the Tigris had undermined, and where I found the cylinder and the bronze. I left the mosaic piece with him and kept the other two pieces myself, against the earnest request of the curator to leave them with him. I also reported these facts to Professor Lyon of Harvard, who became later a Babylonian explorer.

On account of Turkish jealousy and suspicion of foreigners exploring and excavating in the interior of Turkey was forbidden. No European power ever has been able to get permission to do such work north of Mesopotamia. If ever such permission is obtained, the archaeologists and explorers will find

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richer rewards than they have ever obtained up to date.

During the trip above described, I had to take the highway which was built by Romans long before the Christian era. In the mountains where they have very deep snow they have erected monoliths, or stone posts, from ten to fifteen feet high to mark the highway so it could be found in the winter. There is a bridge over the Tigris River in the mountains, only one span, which is considered by European travelers among the most beautiful of stone bridges. The river there is between two and three hundred feet below the bridge. The mortar used to hold the stones is harder now than the stones themselves.

Only two miles south from where I was born, a farmer plowing his field had his plough strike a stone, which he dug up and found not an ordinary stone, so he cleared the dirt from it, and decided it was so peculiar that he notified the missionaries in Kharpoot. One of them went to the farm to see it and discovered hieraglyphics on it. He took an impression of them and sent it to London to be deciphered. The report came back that the stone was a marker to commemorate the return of a general under Alexander the Great from a conquering expedition into Persia and Assyria. In the meantime some one reported the finding of the stone to the Turkish Government, and the local authorities confiscated it, not as a museum piece, but as a mounting stone, or horse-block, to mount horseback.

CHAPTER VII

BEGINNING BUSINESS IN AMERICA

THE Military Governor of the Kharpoot Province sent for me, to talk about a large tract of land on the banks of the Euphrates River, towards Malatia. He asked that if he used his influence and got that from the Central Government in Constantinople would I be willing to go in partnership with him. We talked about terms and conditions—which proved agreeable to us both. He started communication with the Government in Constantinople. In the meantime we were in constant consultation with each other. One of the conditions was that I was to come to America and get the most modern farming implements, and I was to take to America a young man to put him on a farm there to learn the methods in use in America. After about three or four month's work the Military Governor showed me a dispatch from Constantinople informing me that the Sultan Hamid had decided against the enterprise. Of course this ended the experimental farming project. Then I began to prepare for my second journey to America.

As I had exhausted all my means I found a wealthy Armenian who loaned me thirty pounds (one hundred and thirty-five dollars), and without losing time I started. There were three young

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Armenians who wanted to come with me, and I was glad to have them, as I had always felt that the salvation of the Armenian nation depended upon young men going to other countries to prepare themselves to be leaders, as engineers, mechanics, doctors, lawyers and merchants. My close observation of the characteristics of the Armenian nation is that they are quick to grasp new ideas wherever they find them. And wherever they go, no matter to what country, or among what nationalities, they are ready to assimilate their ideas. One of the great characteristics of the Armenian people is always to look up, not down. They are anxious to rise in their profession, as high as any natives they are living among.

We took steamer from Alexandretta to Smyrna, and from there to Liverpool direct. Our journey was uneventful and we finally arrived in Boston. I found a minister who took an interest in one of the young men and made it possible through friends to have the young man study medicine. For the second one, I found a position in an iron factory in Cambridgeport. The third one went as a day laborer in a store.

After I was through placing them, I began to think about what I was going to do. I applied for a position in a carpet store. The head of the establishment was an excellent Congregational Church member, but he had no position open at that time. The second carpet store where I applied (also Congregationalist) offered me five dollars a week as a

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porter. I told him that I would be glad to accept that position on condition that if there was a better opening that it would be given me. The gentleman said he could not agree to that, as he was looking for a porter and that job would be a permanent one. I would not agree to be a porter all the time. Then I applied to another firm, both of the members were very sincere Christians. One of them in later years, became the President of the American Board. They told me at once they had no opening for me. At this time my pride came into play.

I had brought from Turkey three rugs and a few pieces of antique jewelry, though not very valuable. Having these things I decided to go into business myself. Of course I could not do anything in the city of Boston, with so little stock, but I had lived in Cambridge a few months during my first visit to America. I looked around in Cambridge for either a small store or part of a store. I found a shoe store, Number Twelve, Harvard Square, which had two windows, the door being between. In order to reach it one had to descend three steps. I went in and asked the storekeeper if he would rent me one of the windows and a small amount of floor space in the store. The man was willing to do it. We agreed on the rent at ten dollars a month. When the man had cleaned out the window I wanted and assigned me the floor space, I took my three rugs, and my few pieces of old jewelry to the store. I put two rugs in the window and kept one inside and waited for customers.

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The following day I noticed a gentleman of very refined appearance, with white hair and beard, looking first in my window at the rugs, and then into the other window at the shoes, and smiling broadly as he did so. His appearance interested me very much. He came in. As he entered the store he looked at his right and then at his left and laughed. Finally he spoke to the shoe man as well as to me, remarking that it was a strange combination, shoes on his left and rugs on his right. Then he asked, "Who has the rugs?" I stepped up and told him that I had. He turned his keen eyes upon me, looking at the rugs and the whole surroundings of the store. Finally he said, "I want to see some rugs." I immediately unfolded the one solitary rug inside, and told him I had two more in the window. My English being so broken, he asked me what country I came from, I told him from Armenia. Then he looked over those rugs in the window and asked me the prices. I told him. He said, "I'll take the two in the window," and then he asked, "What will you do, young man, with one rug?" I told him I would wait for another customer to sell to. I showed him the few other articles I had, but he was not interested. He said to me, "Young man, I admire your pluck," adding, "When you sell that rug what will you do?" I told him I could not say what I would do, but sometime before long I might have a few more. When he gave me his name and address it was, "Henry W. Longfellow, Brattle Street, Cambridge."

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I had very little knowledge of the literary people of this country, so I did not realize at the time who my first customer was. He told me he had no money with him, but he would come the next day and pay for the rugs. He asked me to send them to his house. He shook hands with me with such sincere cordiality that I was very much interested and felt that I had made a well wishing friend. After he went out, the shoe man asked me if I knew who he was. I told him his name was Longfellow, that was all I knew—then he told me all about him, and I was much impressed that my first customer should have been such a distinguished American. I began to feel in my heart that that was a good omen for beginning my business career.

In the evening after supper I took those rugs to Brattle Street to find his house. As Brattle Street used to be a very select street most of the houses were built a distance back from the street, and I had some difficulty to find the right one; as I rang the bell, Professor Longfellow, as he was called among the College circle, came to the door himself, and when he saw me and the rugs, he had a good laugh. Then he asked me into his study and kept me there nearly two hours. Knowing that I could not speak very good English and was just learning he gave me some advice. Many foreigners, learning the English language, tried to use big words, and he cautioned me not to do that, but use as short and simple words as I could. He talked to me on various subjects, particularly on Armenia. He made many

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suggestions to me, as to starting in business, and gave me great encouragement.

As I was leaving the house, he told me that he would send Professor Norton (Charles Eliot Norton) to see my curios. The next afternoon a gentleman came in to my store (?) and said that Professor Longfellow had told him to come and see my little curios. I showed them to him, and he bought quite a few, paid for them, and told me that if he could do anything for me he would be glad to do it. That same afternoon Professor Longfellow called, and paid for his rugs, and then asked me if Professor Norton had been to see my little things, I told him yes, and told him how much he had bought, and he seemed much pleased. He also offered if he could do anything for me, to call on him.

The third rug I sold to one of the students at Harvard from Buffalo, New York. That sale has established a close friendship up to date. He is a successful business man and always remembers buying my "last rug."

At this time Mr. Arrekelyan, who had preceded me to this country by ten years, and was employed in Cambridge by the University Press, had received some rugs from Constantinople. I had heard of this, and called on Mr. Arrekelyan and made arrangements that he consign them to me*. With these I continued my business.

*Mr. Arrekelyan later on became owner of one of the largest printing and book-binding establishments in New England. He was a very charitable man and contributed largely to educational, church and missionary works. A few years ago he gave his entire

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Professor Longfellow never lost his interest in, and friendship for, me. Every time he was out walking he would drop in to ask how I was getting on. Also he used to send his friends to see my goods. Through him I got acquainted with Professor Hosford, Professor Chickering and several other professors and business men. Among the business men I got to know Mr. Houghton, of Houghton and Mifflin, the publishers, a very kindly gentleman, sympathetic, old-fashioned business man of integrity and character. Among the College circle, through Professors Longfellow and Norton, I got to know several influential ladies, wives of former college professors and others.

Among them there was one who was the wife of a former President of Harvard College, a woman of very distinguished bearing, an old-fashioned New England lady of commanding appearance. She drove up in front of my "store" one morning, came in, and said, "Professor Longfellow has told me about you, and told me if I wanted any rugs I would better see you first." So I showed her what I had; she liked three of them and asked the prices, I told her the prices, which were very moderate. "I would like to buy some rugs from you, but those are not the kind I want." She said she wanted finer rugs. I at once saw that she had little knowledge of rugs, but judged them mostly by the prices. As I had not

establishment to the Congregational Book Publishing Company (later to be known as the Pilgrim Press) on the annuity basis, which at his death, in 1924, became their unencumbered property, worth between \$250,000 and \$300,000.

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asked high prices for them she thought they could not be very good. I told her that I was expecting some more rugs in a few days, if I got them, would she allow me to notify her, she said she wished I would.

In about two or three weeks I had a few more rugs come from New York. I went to her house, and told her that my new goods had come. In a day or two she came and I showed her the new ones and asked more than usual for them. As I had not sold the three rugs she had admired, I showed those also, when she asked me the prices of those, I asked her just three times the price I had asked before for the same ones, and she bought those three rugs, making the remark, "I wanted nicer rugs, but those you showed me before were not so good." The reader can imagine my feelings, and I hardly could control my laughter.

After a few days Professor Longfellow made his usual call on me and asked me if Mrs. ———— had called to see my rugs. I told him she had, and had bought three. He seemed to be very much pleased. But when I related the story of their sale, he laughed so hard he had to lean against the counter. As he went out, he said, "Its the greatest joke in Cambridge on Mrs. ————," and added, "I am going to tell her." I begged him not to tell her, but let me do it myself.

As time went on Mrs. ———— called with her daughter to see some more rugs. I told her that I was very glad her daughter, Mrs. ————,

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was there with her, for I wanted first to set myself straight with her in regard to those rugs she had previously purchased. Then I told her I had a certain amount of her money in my possession on that sale, and I wanted to tell her just how it came into my possession. Then I told her the entire story of the sale. She laughed with her daughter, seeing the great joke on herself. I offered to refund the difference, but she very pleasantly said, "If through my over-confidence in knowledge of rugs I made you resort to such tactics, I feel you have earned the money, so please keep it."

I proceeded to show rugs to them and I told her the prices when she selected two. I doubt whether their attention was much drawn to selecting the rugs, on account of their appreciation of the joke, for while selecting them they continually laughed. As they were going out, Mrs. ————— turned to me and said, "Mr. Bogigian, as long as I live, I will never go elsewhere for the kind of goods you keep, and I hope my children will do the same, as your very frank statement made to us is ample evidence that you intend to treat your customers fairly." I thanked them and they left.

In all my business career, she kept her word and her children and grandchildren always came to me. Through my lack of policy I had told Professor Longfellow, and he treating it as a great event in a sleepy college town, told it to someone else, and in a short time it was all over town. But I never lost Mrs. —————'s kindly regard for me. Apparently

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she enjoyed the joke on herself as much as anyone did.

My experience in Harvard Square in selling rugs was varied. All will recognize that to do business with college students one will have pleasant and unpleasant experiences. One day a student came in and bought a rug, he told me to send it to his rooms and he would come in a day or two to pay for it. As my experience at Harvard Square had been with people of high standing, men of their word, I never dreamed there could be any other sort. Two or three days passed after I sent the rug, but he did not come as agreed to pay for it. As I had to depend on my cash sales to carry on my little business, I needed that money very badly. One day I met him by accident on the street and reminded him of his indebtedness. He utterly ignored me and passed on. One evening I called at his room to get my money or my rug. He opened the door—I was already inside, when he ordered me out, threatening to put me out by force. I had hardly realized that carrying the Doctor's three-year-old boy in my arms every day and the pumping of water for the brick-yard in Liverpool, and pitching hay at the farm, had made my arms so powerful.

When the student showed fight in his room, doubling up his fist ready to strike, I just gave him one whack with my right hand at his nose. He went down like a fallen tree. He had two visitors in the room—both students—they jumped to help their friend. As they rushed at me I used both hands

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with good aim, I knocked one on his nose and the other under his chin; both went down. I gathered up my rug, bade them goodbye, and went back to my store. The next day I told the incident to my neighbor, the shoe-man, and he told me they would make trouble for me. At first I was scared, but thinking the matter over I felt that such good people as the Americans were, there would be no judge who, after hearing the story, would punish me. But I heard no more of the incident.

Another experience I had with a student was with a young man from Minnesota, son of a wealthy man, who came and bought several hundred dollars worth of rugs and told me to send the bill to his father. He impressed me as being very gentlemanly, so I complied. Not getting any remittance from Minnesota, I wrote to the gentleman calling his attention to the bill, he wrote back immediately that on receipt of my bill and a letter from his son confirming the transaction he had made out a check for the amount of my bill to the order of his son, requesting him to endorse the check over to me, have me receipt the bill and return the receipt to him. He had already written to his son to pay the bill, and he hoped his letter reached him and the matter would have been settled. If not settled, he asked me to let him know, so I wrote to him, but in the meantime the son came to me in a very bad temper, used some unpleasant language, and fortunately I had not got to that stage of knowing the English language in its worst expressions. After the young

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man left, the shoe-man told me what those words meant.

However in due time the father sent another check to his son made out to me, and also wrote to me what he had done. In the second letter he told me that after paying his son's expenses in Harvard, he gave him one thousand dollars a month for spending money, and he could not understand why the young man should be so pressed for money. In a few days the young man very reluctantly came in and gave me his father's check, and the matter was settled. I have had many such experiences, but it is not necessary to give more details.

CHAPTER VIII

MOVING TO BOSTON AND BECOMING A UNITED STATES CITIZEN

I AM happy to record, that by this time I had paid all my indebtedness everywhere, and had a little capital. I had a great desire to open a store of my own in Boston, and form a connection both in Smyrna and Constantinople. I had formed some very pleasant friendships, and at one time talking with a lawyer friend of mine, told him that if I had more capital I could do a much larger business in Boston. He became interested in the matter, and promised to assist me, if I would give a bill of sale of my goods to him; and also as I purchased goods in those eastern cities, I could send them to him and draw on him for the amount, but the goods must be shipped in his name. He told me he would charge me three per cent interest a month, thirty-six per cent annually, and the total amount was not to be more than three thousand dollars. I agreed to the proposition and signed the agreement. I naturally had no knowledge of civilized business procedure.

I started for Constantinople in April eighteen hundred and eighty-two, and went on to Smyrna, made my purchases with my borrowed capital, shipped them to the lawyer, and returned to Boston. I found a room on the second floor, Number Two,

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A-Beacon Street, and there I opened my first Boston store. At the end of the year my lawyer friend thought we better have a settlement, and start new for eighteen hundred and eighty-three. To my astonishment, I found that the lawyer had made the papers out so that interest began from the date of the agreement, and found that instead of having some profit it all went to the lawyer for his interest, and he held the goods for further security. It was a great discouragement to me—to find that all Americans were not Longfellows, Nortons or Hosfords.

In talking with the pastor of the church I attended, relating my experience with the lawyer, as to the exorbitant interest I was paying, he offered to loan money to me at eighteen per cent per annum. As this was just half of the other arrangement, I gladly accepted. When I told the lawyer I would pay my indebtedness to him he was very disagreeable, and told me he would hold the goods as they all belonged to him. Coming in contact with such people, I was getting a little more "civilized", and I told the lawyer that I could sue him for usury, and expose him, and that his profession did not give any right to treat a poor man as he was doing.

To my great surprise he became more decent in talking, and wanted to compromise by my letting him keep a few of the rugs, and allowing me to pay the note and end the contract. I absolutely refused to let him keep the rugs. Then I went back to the minister and told him that the man would accept the

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face value of his note, and I begged him to loan me five thousand, instead of three thousand dollars, and give him the rugs I had as security, and whatever rugs I might purchase abroad to send to him as I had done to the lawyer. He agreed to do it, but told me that as a minister it would not appear proper to enter into an agreement with him personally, but he would do it through the brother of his prospective son-in-law.

Then I went back to the lawyer and told him I was ready to give him a check, and asked him to give me the agreement I had signed. I would not hand him the check until he gave me the agreement. He took up the paper saying, "We better destroy this," and asked me for the copy I had retained. I refused to give it to him. He was getting madder and madder, and kept looking into my eyes; I returned the look. As I had received advice from many of my civilized friends, telling me that I had the whip-hand over him, I was not frightened, although he threatened very severely that he would ruin me, and made other threats. I told him he could not ruin me any more than he had, he had already taken all my earnings in Cambridge including the rugs, so I could not be any more of a loser than I already was. He angered me at one time by a remark, "You are a typical oriental, trying to cheat me." I told him that if his way of doing business was occidental, and right, kind and just, I thanked God that I was an Oriental.

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To make a long story short, he tore up the original paper and I retained the copy, and gave him the check endorsed on the back, "in full for all claims, accounts and demands to date." I also made him turn the rugs back to me and we parted. However I am happy to say a few years later when he was trying to get an appointment on the Massachusetts Bench, I knew the Governor who had the appointment to make, so I took the copy of the agreement to the Governor, who read it, and asked me several questions about my dealings with him. The Governor gave the paper back with the remark, "As far as I am concerned, I will not send his name to my council. Such a man as this does not deserve to be a Judge, whose office is to dispense justice. He should have been disbarred long ago."

After another man was appointed to the position, I wanted to be just to the lawyer, so I called at his office one day, and asked him if he knew the cause of his failure to receive that appointment. He said, "no", and then I pulled out the copy of the old agreement from my pocket, and said, "That paper is at the bottom of it." He was so mad, he jumped from his chair to get hold of the paper, meantime I had put the paper back in my pocket and my hands were free to take care of him, and I just knocked him down, blood running from his cheek and then I reminded him that I was an "oriental" and he was a "civilized American" and left him.

When I had settled financial matters with the lawyer I made another trip to the East. I bought



This building, on the corner of Park and Beacon Streets, is where Mr. Bogigian began business in Boston. This picture shows the building when General Lafayette occupied the corner room on the second floor during his visit there. After the building was remodeled, Mr. Bogigian conducted business there for twenty-seven years.

BOSTON UNIVERSITY
COLLEGE OF LIBERAL ARTS
LIBRARY

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more goods to be paid for in the near future. On my return I found that Number Two-A-Beacon Street, room was too small. Looking around I saw that the building on the corner of Park and Beacon Street was being altered. This was the house where La Fayette on one of his visits to Boston was entertained. I saw the gentleman who had hired the entire building, made an arrangement for the basement, which was fitted up nicely, with an entrance on Park Street. I took a lease of the basement for three years, and started my business in earnest.

I was obliged to hire an assistant, but some friends advised me to look for a partner who would bring some capital into the business. I found a man who was a descendant of one of the oldest merchants in the city of Boston. We made an agreement for three years. In the middle of the second year, I made an offer to my partner either to buy or sell. His shrewd and civilized friends had advised him to buy me out, on condition that I would never go into business of that kind in Massachusetts, nor even stay there. But my eyes had been opened by my experiences, and I said no. In a few weeks some of his conservative friends had advised that it would be wise for him to sell to me, as he had no knowledge where and how to buy goods, and by nature he was entirely unfitted for a business of that kind.

Then I found a friend who loaned me money at six per cent interest, and I borrowed enough to pay my pastor his loan, for which I had been paying eighteen per cent, and also paid my partner what he

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had put in, with the profits on our sales up to the time of settlement. The gentleman who loaned me money at six per cent told me that he had been watching me for three or four years, and had found that I was perfectly honest, and did my business on an honorable basis, so he felt that his money would be paid back, and that he would have had the pleasure of aiding a stranger in a strange land to start his business career.

When I was a little boy my mother took me about a mile away from our house, to show me a house that a man had built who had been in business in Constantinople and had "failed" in his business, owing money to his creditors, yet he had enough to build a nice house. My mother explained the man's doings and told me when I grew up and went into business she wanted me to be perfectly honest and pay my bills, and never get into debt if I could help it. I always remembered her advice to me, and did the best I could not to be a dishonorable business man knowingly.

While I was in this country learning the tanning trade, I also learned the system of a Republican Government, and by inquiry I found that I could become a naturalized citizen. Through some good friends I had learned to read in English, but I got a lady to read and explain the Constitution to me, and Declaration of Independence of the Country. And I felt that it was just the system of Government that I would prefer to be a part of. According to the law of naturalization, having been in the country

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over three years I took out my first papers. I did this in case of future development that I might not wish to remain in Turkey, if I went back. At this time I had decided to remain in this country for life, so I applied for my last citizenship papers, to become a full fledged citizen of the United States.

When I used to attend Sunday school and church, people began to know me and the men introduced me to their friends and families. In one instance, a gentleman, whose name I did not know, wanted me to meet his wife, so he asked me to go where she was and in introducing me said, "Mr. Bogigian, this is my wife," as I understood him that was their name, so I said, "How do you do Mrs. My Wife." Of course I discovered my mistake later, because it created great laughter.

But I was always ready to join in laughter at a joke at my expense. At that time I was boarding with a family of high standing, where there were also two Chinese young men, sent to this country to be educated, who were placed in high class homes to learn correct English, and also the customs and manners of real Americans.

I used to go to church with these people and one evening I went to prayer meeting alone. When I returned home the lady wanted me to tell them what occurred in the meeting; who led, who spoke and who prayed. She did this to get me to speak English. I described the meeting and in my talk I said that the leader of the meeting was "very much embraced," and the elder lady, who was very full of

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fun asked, "who embraced him?" She understood what I meant and said, "You don't mean embraced—you mean embarrassed," I had many such experiences in mixing up words, but I was always glad to have anybody correct me, and I did not mind being made fun of. In such cases I joined with them in laughter. In attending the meetings and Sunday school I found people very kind. They always wanted me to take part in the meetings and of course I used to make some big breaks in expressing myself.

There were Armenians in this country before I first came, but they were very few, and all of them business men who lived in the cities. But in places like Haverhill or Woburn or surrounding towns, I do not suppose the people had ever seen an Armenian before. If I walked through the streets I was pointed out as a curiosity; but I did not mind any of those things whatever.

CHAPTER IX

BECOMING AN EXPORTER AS WELL AS AN IMPORTER

MY business, at the corner of Park and Beacon streets, grew very rapidly, so that I had to hire men to help me.

I took the notion I wanted more education, so I entered Boston University as a special student in the class of eighteen hundred and eighty-three. In this class the graduates were men who have held later on high positions. One became Governor of Massachusetts, another was the president of the Senate of Massachusetts, another the Speaker of the House of Massachusetts Legislature. One is now a member of the Supreme Court of Colorado, another became professor in the Law School of Boston University; in fact, the majority of them became successful men. My intention at first was to become a lawyer, and when I found out that a lawyer to make a living must largely depend upon the misfortune of others, I did not like it. Therefore I dropped out of the University and stuck to my business ever after that.

One of the men in my employ had come to me highly recommended by a prominent business man. The other assistant was a good honest man, who told me that this other man took his lunches at the Parker House, one of the most expensive lunch

places in town, which caused me to feel a little suspicious. The second assistant and I, by watching, found that the man was stealing. I put the police on his track; they also reported to me that the man was smuggling goods out of my store and selling them to friends. With proofs that I had, I had a talk with the man in the presence of the third man, at first he denied it, but finally admitted it. Then we got him to give us a list of things that he had taken. I immediately notified his mother, and his friends who had recommended him so highly. The mother was very downcast, and also the friends. All begged me not to prosecute him and ruin his future. He had already confessed, and signed his confession, that he had taken over one thousand dollars worth of goods. I suggested to the mother and his friends that I could not stand the loss alone. That is to say that they share with me. But to my great surprise they refused. One of the men who had been the strongest and closest friend to the family, when I suggested to him that he bear part of the loss, became indignant at the suggestion and remarked, "It is not my funeral." Finally I compromised with the mother to pay me half of what her son had taken, then I discharged him.

Another experience I had in the Park Street store, was with a wealthy man, holding high positions in many charitable institutions, who had seen a rug in the window, went into the store to find out the price and happened to ask one of the clerks who had

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been with me only three weeks. When this gentleman asked him the price of the rug, the young man said "sixteen dollars" and then the man said "I'll come and see Mr. Bogigian, he will sell me that rug cheaper." On my return to the store the gentleman came in and asked me the price of that particular rug. I told him it was seventy-five dollars. The man was very indignant, and told me that my salesman had told him the price of the rug was sixteen dollars, and as the young man was my agent, that he would take that rug at sixteen dollars as the young man had quoted to him that price. I called the young man to tell us the facts. He told us he did not look at the tag at all, that he simply quoted a price at random. This good old gentleman told me he was going to take the rug at sixteen dollars, and if I did not give it to him, he would make trouble for me. Although the rug cost me sixty dollars, not wishing to have any trouble, I pocketed the loss with a great deal of "civilized" experience.

That summer, eighteen hundred and eighty-four, I went again to Constantinople, established connections with rug merchants and other firms dealing in Oriental goods. They also suggested to me that it would be a good thing to exchange goods, namely, sending American goods and receiving Oriental goods. I immediately returned to Boston after making my purchases and began to communicate with wholesale dealers or manufacturers of stoves, sewing machines, cotton goods, farming implements

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and various other kinds of hardware. Thus I became an exporter as well as an importer.

Then I began to send goods through the foreign connections to Turkey, Persia and Egypt. At first I sent farming implements complete, which were somewhat bulky, but later on I had the things taken to pieces and numbered so they could be reassembled in the East. In this way I was the first one to send American windmills and pumps to Egypt, and also I was the first to send the American plough to Siberia.

In harvest time in the East, they used to cut their grain with a sickle, and carried it to their threshing-floor, a smooth hard ground fixed for threshing grain. The custom was to take some planks about six feet long, put them together until four feet wide and they used to insert on the bottom flint stones, about one and one-half inches square; the edges of those stones were carefully sharpened and they dragged the plank, either with horses or oxen, round the grain stack, which threshed the grain out of the straw, and in the meantime crushed the straw into small pieces. When the wind blew they would throw this threshed straw and grain up in the air, and as the Bible says, separated the chaff from the good grain.

In sending the goods over I also sent a hand winnowing machine, which was a great help to them. When the natives found their usefulness and that they did not have to wait for the wind, there was a great demand for those machines.

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In fact the demand increased every year for all these things which I sent and I continued this business for many years. I am happy to say I never lost a penny on my export business. I wish I could say the same of business dealings in America!

CHAPTER X

MARRIAGE AND HOME LIFE

IN the fall of eighteen hundred and eighty-five I met an estimable, well educated young lady from Connecticut, Miss Helen Josephine Carrington. She was a graduate of Mount Holyoke College, and was staying at the time I met her at Martha's Vineyard. We became interested in each other, and after corresponding with her and visiting her, I proposed. She was not disinclined, but felt she should know more about me and about my past. She was a graduate of Mount Holyoke, which was the only Woman's College fifty years ago with special interest in missionary work. We both knew that some of the graduates of that College had enlisted as missionaries all over the world. So naturally I gave as reference the missionaries whom I knew, and through whom she might find a school-mate who might have gone to Turkey, and through her get such information as she wanted. Of course this took some little time, as in those years the mails were slow and few, and the distances were great. In course of time she had heard from some of them through friends who had written in her behalf.

In due time she told me that she had heard from the missionaries, and the reports were favorable to me personally, except that the missionaries had raised a peculiar situation, which was that if I mar-

ried an American lady, the students and native teachers in their schools in Turkey might be influenced to come to this country, which might cripple their work. So they had advised her friends to prevent this marriage on the ground that it would cripple their work among the Armenians. This last question was entirely on a different basis, and did not in any way concern her future life with me, so she accepted my offer and we were married in October eighteen hundred and eighty-seven. She was willing to live within my own means, although accustomed to much more than I could give her. At first we lived in a two-room apartment, taking our meals out. Then as I was able, we took a little larger apartment and lived in this way very economically but comfortably, until eighteen hundred and ninety-eight, when I bought an estate in Framingham, Massachusetts, where we had eighteen rooms, and servants both in the house and out.

After I had bought this place I invited my good friends, Dr. and Mrs. Cyrus Hamlin, to visit us. My man met us at the station in Framingham with a pair of horses and well equipped carriage. As we were driving towards the house, he asked me in a whisper if the "turnout" was mine. I said yes, then he leaned back in his seat in deep thought. As we were driving up I asked Dr. Hamlin if he would like to go up on a hill to get a fine view of the country for miles around. He asked me who owned the place, and I told him it belonged to a mutual friend of his and mine. When I bought the place I put it

in Mrs. Bogigian's name, so without special instruction to the coachman, he drove up the hill.

As we came in front of the house, I pointed out to the Doctor some distant towns, miles away, and then asked him if he didn't want to get out, go on the porch and get a still wider view. He said "No, I may not know the owner and I don't want to intrude on other people's property." But I urged him to get out and as I was already out of the carriage, and I assured him the owner of the place would be delighted to see them both, they got out, and as we were going up the steps to the porch, Mrs. Bogigian came out of the door and greeted them. After greeting each other Dr. Hamlin, in a joking way turned to me and said, "You big rascal! You have been cheating me." And then he flopped down on the top step and began to look around and said, "This reminds me of places in middle and Eastern Europe and Constantinople; with its fine view it is a baronial mansion." We went in and after dinner, we went out and enjoyed the evening on the porch. And in due time, he being old, wanted to retire early. The next day being Sunday, we took him to church. We came home after service, had our dinner and then he wanted to see the entire house, and also wanted me to go outside and show him how far our land went. On the same hill, north of the house, we had about five acres of a virgin pine grove. When we went into it, Dr. Hamlin looked around and found a beautiful spot carpeted thick with pine needles, he laid down, stretched himself out and said,

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"This reminds me of my boyhood days in the State of Maine." They spent a week with us.

After his return home, he wrote me a letter thanking me for the beautiful trip they had, and then he expressed his concern whether I could afford to have such an elaborate home or not, and very profusely apologized for asking me such a personal question, but, he added, there are no people outside of America, that he loved as much as he did Armenians, and he hoped I would take his inquisitiveness with the same spirit as that in which it was given. I answered at once and told him, very freely, my financial condition, and I thanked him for his interest.

At that time they were living in Lexington. He came to Boston almost immediately after receiving my letter; as he came in there was such an expression of happy delight on his countenance. He put his arms around my neck, tears of joy trickling down his face, and he said, "How happy I am to know that you have prospered, and can live in such a beautiful home." Of course he knew my past with its struggles, and that was why he felt so happy over my success. In a fatherly way, he gave me the same advice, "Never live beyond your means," that Professor Longfellow, Norton and several others had often given me. I am happy to say I have never disobeyed their unselfish and sound advice, always paying my bills and living within my means.

CHAPTER XI

MY STORE THE INFORMAL CLUB OF NOTABLES

GOING back to my experience in the basement of the building, corner of Park and Beacon Streets, my business had grown greatly beyond my expectation, so I was obliged to enlarge my place. Fortunately the store above the basement on the Beacon Street side had been vacated. I added that floor space to what I already had. My landlord made some improvements, connecting the street floor with the basement to suit my business.

This building is in the same block where the Boston Atheneum is—an exclusive library, where many professors of Harvard, Boston University, Tufts College, and literary men used to gather, in a social way. After awhile, Professor Longfellow and his friends who knew me, and had never lost their interest in me, used to drop into my store. As the added store was a corner and all glass, with one side looking on the Common, and the other to the State House, it made a pleasant outlook, and gradually these men began meeting at my store. Professor Longfellow, being my oldest friend, kept bringing other friends to meet me—including Professors Norton, Hosford, Lyon, Agassiz and several others from Cambridge; the poet, Whittier, who in winter lived not far from my place; Ralph Waldo Emerson, Alcott, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, Cyrus Barthol and others. They used to tell anecdotes and stories

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and made jokes upon each other. I never saw such a group of distinguished old literary people laugh and act like boys as this group did. Who will wonder that in such company I also developed a sense of fun and laughter?

One of the stories between Dr. Holmes and Dr. Barthol had to do with Dr. Barthol's purchase of a large tract of land at Manchester. He cut it up into building lots for summer homes, and named that section Manchester-by-the-sea, which is now a fashionable summer resort. Dr. Barthol wrote a letter to Dr. Holmes on the stationery headed "Manchester-by-the-sea." Dr. Holmes lived in the village which was not far from the station, and when Dr. Holmes answered the letter he wrote at the heading "Manchester-by-the-station"—and this created great laughter among the others. They used to criticize each other's new writings; altogether they had a jolly time.

I want to say right here, as long as Professor Longfellow lived and was able to visit the library, he never missed dropping into my place for a chat. This was also true of several of the other men I have mentioned. I have always considered their friendship and kindness to me, a great inspiration to me. Many years after this when I gave up my business I had letters from their children and grandchildren expressing regrets that I had given it up. There were many others who came, including W. D. Howells, John Fiske, Joseph Jefferson, Joseph Cook and Dr. Warner of the Boston University.

CHAPTER XII

THE FOOLISHNESS OF SMART BUSINESS

IN my business career in Boston I had various experiences with people of means and intellect, which were most astonishing to me, particularly those with the ladies. As a rule the Americans are great bargain hunters, as P. T. Barnum said "People want to be hum-bugged." In my business I adopted one system, namely, one price for rich or poor, and my prices were marked in plain figures on the goods. This system worked rather against me, because people used to judge the goods by the price. In one case I lost the furnishing of a house by a wealthy lady for her daughter. Although she liked the goods in everyway, when she asked me the prices and I told her, she did not buy anything from me, saying she wanted much better goods. Her architect took her to New York and they bought goods at very high prices, but nothing which would compare with mine in quality, design or artistic beauty. Her architect made a large commission on them.

In another case a banker, who was a shrewd business man, had gone into one of the auction rooms in Boston and purchased a silk rug. That rug the man had seen in my own store, and although he admired it, he said he wanted "something more beautiful." He had seen the catalogue of the sale, and the rug

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was described there as being the finest in the collection, and it also was stated in the catalogue that it was "made expressly for the Columbian Exposition in Chicago," and also that it took fourteen years to make the rug. This banker, whom I knew very well, on his way to his office stopped in at my store, and told me with a great deal of joy that he had got one of the gems of the Exposition, and also told me where he got it and how much he paid for it, and asked me to go to his house with him and see the rug. I told him I would be glad to go. As he was then on his way home, and his carriage met him at my corner, he invited me to ride home with him.

On the way he showed me the catalogue and I read it and handed it back to him. He said, "Did you notice that it took fourteen years to make that rug and it was made expressly for the Exposition —?" I said to him, "Mr. ——— you were born in this country, were you not?" "Yes," he said, "I was born in Boston." And I said, "I have been in and around Boston for nearly ten or twelve years; did we know ten years ago, or even eight years ago that there was to be an Exposition held in Chicago to commemorate the discovery of America?" He saw the point at once, told the coachman to drive back to my store, and said to me, "I was fooled and I am not going to waste your time." He had a good case against the auctioneer and the owner of the goods, but he was afraid of becoming a laughing stock in the community if he pushed the case.

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There were in Boston some men who had represented the Turkish Government at the Chicago Exposition, and they were having auctions of the goods which were said to have been displayed at the Exposition. They came to me and wanted me to select such goods as I wanted to get rid of, and sell them to them, which I did. We agreed on the price and they took them. Among the goods they asked that I should include some high grade articles, and that is how my silk rug got into their auction. Looking over the different cities in the country to hold auctions, they had chosen Boston, and had purchased in New York and other cities goods to include in their sales. I did not know just the reason why they selected Boston, whether it was on account of Boston being the "Hub of the Universe" or the esthetic taste of Bostonians, or their gullibility. I think a little of all these reasons but more of the latter.

In another case in connection with the auctions, I had sold one rug among others, which a lady in town had seen several times, and had tried it on her own floor. The colors were exactly what she had been looking for, but the trouble was that it was two inches shorter than she wanted. As these auctions were almost a social event in Boston, this lady had been to the sales and seen the rug that was exactly what she wanted in color and design. When the rug was put up, she bought it at a high bid. (As in those days the auction had by-bidders—as possibly they still have—to excite the bona fide purchasers to high bids.)

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In two or three days she came to me and asked me to go and see the rug she had bought at the Turkish Auction, and it was just what she wanted. I went to her house with her; as soon as I saw the rug, I recognized it as one of the rugs I had sold to the company. She asked my opinion, and I asked her how much she had paid for it. When she told me its cost, I told her she had paid over one hundred per cent too much. She wanted an explanation. But I would not give it to her. After some days, she begged me to explain what I meant, and I told her the history of the rug. There were many cases of this kind where good old Boston people felt that they were getting wonderful bargains, and very scarce exhibition pieces.

At one time when I was going East, a lady, a good customer of mine, hearing that I was going, came to me and told me she would like to have me get for her one or two Persian bottles. While I was in Persia, I found a pair and purchased them. On my return after taking them out of the Custom House, as usual I put on them my own consecutive numbers, cost and selling prices. And notified the lady that I had two Persian bottles, and asked her to come and see them. On receipt of my letter she came at once and saw the bottles. She admired them very much, but when I told her the price she began to look at them carefully, and said, "I wanted much nicer pieces." I told her those were all I could find. For years there was a New York house which dealt in artistic antiques. They always sent their buyer

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to see my fresh importations. I notified the firm as usual that I had returned, and if they wished to send their buyer they could do so. The buyer made a selection of what he needed. Among others, he purchased those bottles and paid me my regular price—the same as I had asked the lady.

Three or four weeks later the lady drove up to my store in a happy mood, and said, "Mr. Bogigian, I purchased a pair of Persian bottles in New York such as I have been anxious to get," and she praised them highly. I asked her if she would be good enough to bring them to my store to let me see them. She brought them, and when she put them on the counter I could not control myself for laughing. I asked her what she paid for them, and she told me. I figured the cost to her, with the New York expense, just eight times what she could have purchased those identical bottles from me. I proved to her by my invoice that those were the same bottles she had seen at my place a few weeks before. She went away much excited.

I was the first native importer of Oriental goods in the country. (In about two years a Constantinople man came to New York with some rugs, but in trade I have always been considered the first native importer.) Having always selected my own goods, I had the very best class of Oriental merchandise, and had the reputation of being the most exclusive Oriental goods dealer in Boston.

Many times people would come to buy wedding or Christmas presents, asking me to take the prices off,

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but keep the tag bearing the name. Sometimes ladies would come with excuses to get one or two tags from my clerks and put on goods they had purchased at an auction. Particularly after Christmas, the recipients of gifts that they had received bearing my tag would come in and ask me if I would not take the rug or other article back and give them the money; or want to know what the price of the rug was. Of course neither could I refund or disclose the price. In some cases they would bring the rug with them bearing my tag. That is how I discovered that my tag was put on rugs purchased at the auction rooms.

Another peculiarity of good Massachusetts people, but more particularly Bostonians, was they would come and select some of the best rugs and draperies and hangings, pretending that they were going to purchase. I would send the goods down to their homes; they would keep them according to their needs for display, and very often get an express wagon and send them all back to me with explicit directions to the expressman to collect his bill from me. Before they were thus returned, usually in the society columns of the newspapers, were reported the magnificent furnishings of rugs, draperies and rare bric-a-brac at Mr. and Mrs. So and So's reception or wedding or other social doings.

It was so frequent I began to scan the society columns every time I had an unusually large order of goods taken out "on trial." And I even had goods purchased outright (but not paid for) put in the

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display of wedding gifts for the daughter of the family, with the tag bearing my name prominently shown. But in some cases in two or three weeks the goods would be returned to me without any explanation, simply requesting me to credit their account with the returned purchases. I have had cases where goods purchased six months, and even a year before, but not paid for, were returned after using them all that time. There are such experiences running into the hundreds.

There was a certain class of architects who used to come before their clients were ready to furnish their houses and make arrangements for their commission. Among the trade it was understood to allow five or ten per cent commission, but some of these architects expected twenty to thirty per cent, which was in many cases more than my profit. They used to urge me to add this commission to my selling price, but I invariably refused joining them in robbing their clients. In doing this I lost a great deal of trade. However, my conscience was clear. In this connection, I want to say that first-class architects never did such tricky business.

CHAPTER XIII

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THERE used to be—I presume are some now—quite a large number of so-called “interior decorators.” They were the pest of the trade. One firm in particular was the worst example that I ever met. They not only expected twenty to twenty-five per cent, but as high as fifty per cent.

I am happy to say that I never did any business with them. At one time one of the members of this firm called on me and told me that they had a client who was going to buy several thousand dollars worth of rugs and draperies, and if I would make it an object to them he would bring the customer to me for the goods. I was so sick and tired of these people that I told him that if their client bought anything from me I would allow them whatever commission they wanted. So in a day or two the man walked in with a lady who had been my customer for years, and the “interior decorator” explained to me they wanted various sizes of rugs, and would look at them.

I thought at last the opportunity had come to expose that interior decorating firm, so I turned to the lady, calling her by name, and said, “I will be glad to show you all the rugs I have, but it will be loss of time for you and for me, besides lots of labor

to my men, because this man expects from twenty-five to fifty per cent commission; but I cannot add to my price such an exorbitant commission to rob you and to gratify his demands; therefore it will be useless for us all to waste our time." The man changed color from red to white, from white to green, and showed terrible anger. The lady felt mortified, so she turned to him and said, "Let's go out." In a few hours she returned and thanked me for the frank way in which I had explained the situation and saved her a large amount of money, as the man had made a written contract with her to charge her a certain commission on all goods he helped her select. She also said that after they left my store they drove to the firm's place of business and had a frank talk, she demanding the surrender of the contract, which she tore up, and informed them she would do no further business with them. Then she said, "Now, I want to buy my rugs of you, because in the past you have treated me squarely; but this firm, when they solicited the decorating of my house, assured me that they could save me two or three thousand dollars." I am happy to say I was no longer troubled with that firm.

In spite of all such unpleasant experiences, I found that honesty and respectability was the prevailing spirit of the majority of the Americans; but as to those who were selfish and tricky, I always attributed their spirit to their great advance in "civilization." To illustrate, I met a Congregational minister of "high standing," who had been a member of the

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Prudential Committee of the American Board, who talked to me patronizingly as if he had some difficulty to bring himself down to my level. I asked him why it was people of his prominence (?) considered the new-comers to this country inferior to themselves. He said, "We consider ourselves highly educated and much more civilized than the foreigners who come here." I rejoined, "If that is the Christian sentiment you have, I pity the people who sit in the pews of your church to hear you preach." (This man was a pastor in a small village with very few attendants in his church.)

Through friends in the American Board I joined the Congregational Club of Boston. The meetings were held once a month. When we had dinner before the speeches I usually sat with my friends, some of the officials of the board, but one night I was late, and my usual place being taken the only vacant seat I could find was next to two ministers, and opposite were three more ministers. As I was unacquainted with them I ate my dinner in silence. The five ministers were talking about their churches.

One of them was the pastor of the largest Congregational church in a city outside of Boston. He spoke to the others, saying, "Do you realize, brothers, that we are losing some of our old standbys in our churches by the influx of foreigners?" Then he said he had lost three of the wealthiest and most influential deacons, who had gone to California. They were simply driven away by foreigners. As this remark interested me, I asked the speaker if he

meant that the foreigners drove the deacons away by force? He answered, "No, but they offered such big prices for their homes that they felt obliged to sell and go away." I remarked that it did not seem just to accuse the foreigners of "driving" his deacons away when his deacons were tempted by the big prices offered to them for their homes by foreigners. I put a question as follows: "If your deacons were interested in your church and community, would the tempting prices offered to them for their homes by foreigners have caused them to leave? Or was it not the big prices and the beautiful climate of California that was the prime cause of their leaving?" He did not seem to be willing to answer that question and the matter was dropped.

But on the whole, I look back to my great number of customers all over the United States, Canada, and even Mexico, with a great deal of satisfaction, and consider them not only my customers, but my friends. Looking back, I feel under great obligation to those who treated me meanly, thinking of them as good friends, because their treatment gave me more incentive to overcome hardships by either going around them or climbing over them, and thus conquering all drawbacks. This also made me more independent, depending upon myself rather than leaning on any one else. It also created in me a spirit of resentment to any injustice to myself or to any human being.

Among my experiences of this nature was one with a physician. One night I was taken sick and

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Mrs. Bogigian called the nearest doctor. He came that evening and again next day, and the following day I went to business as usual. A couple of days later I happened to be standing in front of my store when I noticed this physician was going by on the other side of the street. He saw me and crossed over, and after greeting me, said, "Are you feeling better?" I answered, "Yes, I am all right now." He went on. When I received his bill he had charged me for two visits at my house and one at the store—six dollars a visit (at that time an excessive price). I paid him, and some time after that he came to buy a rug. I waited on him myself, and when he selected the rug and asked me the price I told him, adding six dollars on to the original price. He was not conscious of this, and took the rug and paid for it. As I took his money I looked up to him and said, "Doctor, we are square now." As he looked puzzled, I explained, saying, "As you called your stop at the store just to ask how I was a professional visit, and charged me six dollars for it, I have added just six dollars to the price of that rug." He was nonplussed and went out.

During my stay in Boston I lived in several places, all within a stone's throw of the State House, around which had once lived John Quincy Adams, John Hancock, Charles Sumner and various other prominent people. This then was considered the locality where most of the "bluebloods" lived; nevertheless, this one "red-blooded" man lived there for years. This was the precinct where Harrison Otis Gray,

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Curtis Guilde, Henry Cabot Lodge, George L. Von Meyer, Henry Parkman, and many other noted men voted. In olden times caucuses were held in each precinct. I always went to every one of these political meetings and met those prominent men. My political interest in the Country began in that school-house where those caucuses were held. Although I had good chances to get into politics, I had no inclination for that life. In later years I was offered by different administrations foreign consulate positions, but I declined them all. Some of my friends wondered why I was not a lawyer—so many of my acquaintances are lawyers and judges.

On one occasion a case was up before the United States Supreme Court which involved points in Turkish law, and one of the associate justices, who was acquainted with me, came on to Boston to ask me about the Turkish law on the question. I told him there were two distinct law codes in Turkey—a civil one, which was really the Napoleonic Code, and a religious one founded on the Koran. Justice —— asked me where he could find the Napoleonic Code. “Is there a translation of it, and where can I obtain it?” I replied, “In the Congressional Library in Washington.” He saw the joke on himself and laughed heartily, saying, “I am a member of the Supreme Court of the United States, the Library is just across the park, but I never thought of it and took a special trip to Boston to find out what I could have discovered in Washington in half an hour.”

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Two Armenian boys were held at Ellis Island on the usual point that they might become "public charges," although their parents were in the United States. I took the matter up with Senator Hoar, and he went to President Roosevelt. The latter, in his usual impetuous way, ordered the boys released at once through the usual channels. Within a short time President Roosevelt came to visit Senator Hoar in Worcester, and I was asked to bring the two boys to meet the President. He expressed his pleasure at meeting such manly children, and said, "The more I see of such cases, the more angry I get over our stupid immigration laws." He also thanked me for helping to get such good substantial people into the country to build it up. From his conversation, I gathered that Senator Hoar had told Mr. Roosevelt of my work in similar cases.

One question I have never been able to solve, viz., why the Americans as a people are so often taken in by sharpers? One of my business friends asked me before his death to look out for his wife, who had no business training. After trying in vain to settle with his partner, she came to me for assistance. Using my business knowledge, I reasoned with the partner and succeeded in getting him to settle with her for twenty-five thousand dollars, which with her husband's ten thousand dollars insurance gave her a nice sum to invest. I refused to invest it for her, but took her to a good bank, introduced her to the bank president, and also to the cashier and to a

reliable broker, telling her to listen to their advice. All her money was safely invested.

Shysters are always watching for such victims and in a short time they discovered Mrs. ———. When her affairs were settled, she had promised to let me know of any contemplated change in her investments. For a time she did so, and when these promoters approached her she sent them to me. But finally she became interested in a religious cult, where she met a woman who was secretary of a promoting company, who prevailed upon her to give all her solid securities to this company and take in exchange the stock of their companies—all of which bore high interest rates. No interest was ever paid and eventually she lost every cent she had, and she died a pauper. I had advised her to buy six shares of the N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R. At that time it was considered as good as Bank of England notes, and I held a large block of it myself. For six years after the railroad stopped paying I paid her the dividend on those six shares, because I felt that she had invested in them by my advice.

Another case in point was that of a well-known professor in Boston University who received letters from a self-styled "Christian," urging him to buy shares in a marble quarry in Colorado. The letters announced that only Christian ministers and people of that type would be asked to buy—to keep it out of the hands of bankers. This professor usually asked my advice in business matters, so he brought me the letter to read. I warned him to let it alone.

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More letters came, and finally the president of the company came to see him.

Early one morning the professor arrived at my office to tell me he had not slept all night. The promoter had talked him into giving him a check for four thousand dollars the evening before. The wily man had made him sign the check, write the letter and post it in his presence, and then had gone away. As soon as he was free from his presence, Professor —— realized his mistake, and so came to me asking what could be done. I was angry that he had been so foolish, but told him to telegraph the bank on which the check was drawn to stop payment, and also telegraph the "quarry firm" that he had stopped payment on the check. This he did and saved his money.

The promoters threatened suit, and wrote frightening letters, until finally he answered one, telling them he referred all future communications to me, and that I called him (the promoter) a rascal. Then letters ceased and the matter was dropped. The professor and his wife asked me to take that money and invest it for them, which I refused. It was against my established principle to handle any one's money but my own. Swindling concerns would soon be caught and prevented from mischief if solid business men would take their time and knowledge and expose them.

At one time I received letter after letter from a firm in New York, which also had an office in Boston, asking me to buy stock in their enterprise. I paid

no attention to them until at last I received a letter from the president of the firm which was insulting in its tone, telling me they supposed me an intelligent business man, but I had failed in business courtesy, as I had not answered their letters. I took that letter to the Boston office of the firm and asked to see the manager. He was in his private office "telephoning" to what seemed patent to me was an imaginary customer, while two women, evidently of the working class, were waiting with money in their hands to buy stock. He ended his "talk" over the phone by saying, "I've no time to waste over you. If you don't take the stock at once, there are customers in the office now with money in their hands waiting to take it." Turning, he saw me, and asked what I wanted; had I come to buy stock? Waving the letter I held, I answered, "No, but I have come to tell you that you are a firm of swindlers. Who wrote that letter?" He looked at the letter and answered, "The president of the company wrote it." "Yes," I answered, "and let me tell you, the president of a large and honest corporation doesn't write that sort of letter." The two women looked frightened and caught up their money. One whose tongue betrayed Ireland exclaimed, "By God, I'm saved!" as she bolted from the room. The manager began to bluster and threaten to sue me. I told him to go ahead and sue and I would tell him my bank and where my assets were, but inside of twenty-four hours he and his "company" would be in flight.

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Then I reported the case to the chief of city detectives, and when I described the interview he laughed heartily. They had been watching the firm for some time trying to get evidence. The next morning's papers reported the raiding and closing of the offices of that particular "investment corporation."

Still another case in point concerned a nurse who had been employed in my family. She had invested in some stock through letters and "follow-up" visits of the agent. She received no dividends and no answers to her letter of inquiry, and asked me to help her. I found out the address of the offices and went there. A very cute young woman asked me all sorts of questions before she would tell the manager I was there, which she finally did when I said I might invest some money if I found the stock good. While I was waiting a door opened and a group of young men filed out.—evidently a class of agents being drilled, for I heard the man, who proved to be the manager, tell them to remember what he had told them of making statements to prospective buyers, being careful how they worded them. Then he came to me and asked me into his private office. As we went in I noticed he locked the door. I also noticed that two sides of the room were of frosted glass, and on these sides doors opened into other rooms, both being an inch or two ajar, and on the glass shadows of a man at each door. Watching closely, I saw these men were writing on pads. The manager very affably offered to take my hat and

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cane, but forewarned by the locked door, I declined to give them up. He urged, and I the more firmly refused.

Finally I told him of the nurse and her investment. I told him the nurse needed the money and he ought to buy the stock back. He said that was not a business way of doing things, and she knew what she was buying when she bought it. I suddenly said, "What are those two men at those doors writing?" He immediately asked me if I was a detective. I said, "No, but I am trying to find out where this woman's money went." Then he got excited and advanced with a threatening manner, and I said, "Now I realize why you wanted to take my cane." I ordered him to unlock the door or I would smash the window (which opened on a square) and would call the police. So he let me out, and I at once went to the district attorney, and he in turn sent me to the Federal District Attorney, and he sent me to the Postoffice Inspector, and there I found out they were already investigating the firm.

He also spoke of a similar firm who were being advised by some of the shrewdest lawyers in the State, whose advice just kept them within the law. The latter firm later on were arraigned at court, and I being interested in that sort of thing attended the hearing, and was greatly amazed to find as attorneys for the defense men who bore the highest reputation as lawyers. One was a former congressman, another a former Attorney-General of the State of Massachusetts.

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These few cases represent many in which I became interested, and it is a source of joy to me to realize that by so doing I helped in some measure to prevent the financial ruin of poor women and men whose life savings were in danger. Naturally this work of mine invited the enmity of many large, but questionable business schemes and the lawyers who tried to bolster them up. It was simply that I was following my motto to try to leave the world a little better than I found it. The Spanish proverb says: Truth is like the rose; it has thorns about it.

CHAPTER XIV

DRIVING OUT SWINDLERS

THERE was another kind of people—this kind still exists and is increasing tremendously—whose motive was to swindle tradesmen. At one time a man came to my store, handed me his card showing that he was a lawyer having an office in one of the largest office buildings, and said he wanted to buy a rug and wanted me to wait on him myself. He purchased a small rug worth only a few dollars, and paid me cash. He dropped in frequently and bought little things, paying cash each time. After a while he brought a man, introduced him to me as his father, who told me he had traveled in Eastern countries very extensively, and that he wanted to furnish a few rooms with Oriental rugs, etc. So I waited on him, and he selected nearly two thousand dollars worth of goods, and said, "Send them to my house and I will come and pay for them at the end of the month." The man's appearance impressed me, so I took his order and sent the goods.

Two or three days later the lawyer customer brought another friend, introducing him as a wholesale lumber dealer. This man wore a seal-skin coat, cap and gloves, and impressed me very much. He selected nearly twenty-five hundred dollars worth of goods. This being on Saturday, and the man living in one of the Newtons, I told him there was no

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express that day. "No need of sending by express; I have my own carriage. If you will have the goods done up in a neat package I will take them with me." This was not an outright sale, but on approval, so I had my man do up the goods and put the bundle in the carriage. They drove off.

The following Monday a dear friend of mine called to see me in a social way. He being a retail lumber dealer, I told him what happened Saturday. He asked me, "Did you let them have the goods?" I told him "Yes," and then he said to me, with a big d——, "You fool! You will never get a penny." Then he told me it was a gang of swindlers. One would go to a store, buy a few things and pay cash, and then gradually take his friends with him, who would either buy outright without paying, or on consignment.

I at once realized the predicament I was in. I went to a lawyer friend, told him about it, and the lawyer said, "We have to get a writ of replevin." I asked how long would it take to get those papers and get a constable. I ordered them made out and immediately went to the station and took a train to the town. I took a depot carriage, going to the house where this so-called "lumber merchant" lived. I had told the carriage man that if he did what I told him I would give him double fare. When we reached the house, which was a very ordinary place, a woman came to the door. I asked if Mr. —— lived there, and she said, "Yes; I am Mrs. ——." I told her about the package of rugs, and that I had

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come there to find out what they had decided. She told me the package was upstairs; they had not opened it. So I called the cabman to accompany me upstairs. Among a variety of packages, I pointed my own to the cabman, and told him to take it down to the carriage, and I got in, thanking the woman, a very innocent person, and we drove off.

As soon as we reached the station I checked the package, paid the cabman what I promised, and waited for the train for Boston. While I waited, this poor woman hurriedly came and told me her husband had told her he was going to send a team with his card to get the goods, and she was afraid she had given them to the wrong man. At once I gave her my card and told her to give it to her husband and tell him I wanted to see him next day, but I never saw the man again. I always wondered what happened to that poor wife. Later on I found out that his seal-skin coat, cap and gloves were bought without paying for them. His coachman being in league with the gang, they had bought the carriage and horses on the same basis.

This experience with the "wholesale lumber merchant" aroused my suspicions about the lawyer and his "father." With little loss of time, I called on the lawyer at his office in the Exchange Building and found him in his office alone. I asked him about my goods or the money. He told me that his father had purchased them and I must look to him. I had already found out from the expressman's books that in sending the goods to his father the lawyer had

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receipted for the goods. I told him this fact and demanded of him either the money or the goods. He was very indignant, and said, "You get out of here, or I'll put you out." As he came toward me, he seemed to be in the mood for fighting. I was ready for him, and we had it out. I had him on the floor and sat on him, and told him he must either give me money or produce the goods. He told me part of the rugs were in the closet in the office, so I let him up to open the closet and bring out the rugs. Checking off, I found several missing. He said his father had the others, and then he sat down at his desk and wrote out a two-page document as a receipt in full, and also exonerating him from all connection with any one. I took the paper, read it, folded it and put it into my pocket without signing it. I told him that that paper was also a further evidence of his being leader of that swindling gang.

When he found that I had the best of him he was as mad as a lion in a cage, and started to fight again. At this time I gave him a good thrashing to calm him down, and finally he said he would settle the whole matter. We checked off the rugs credited on the bill, and for the balance I demanded cash. He said he had no cash, but would give me a check. As he wrote the check I noticed that it was on his wife's account; that he signed his wife's name, and his own as attorney. I told him that he must go with me to the bank to cash the check. Then we got some one to take the rugs down, called a cab and went to the bank. I got my money, and as I was leaving he

demanded the paper. I refused to give it to him because I wanted to expose the gang.

Inside of a week I traced them and I discovered that the whole swindling outfit had disappeared, and with them eighty-seven boxes and bales had been shipped by the Fall River line to New York. I was astonished to see that some of the largest firms in Boston had been taken in, and after they discovered that their goods and the people had disappeared none of them would try to trace their wares. I was not satisfied with this settlement with the men, although I got my claim, so I wrote letters to some of the large firms in New York, described the game, and told them to be on the lookout. In the course of time I heard from them all, thanking me for the warning I had given them, as the gang had been working in New York as they did in Boston.

I had several other experiences with swindlers. In most cases I was able to drive them from the city by exposing them. My experience extended to some other lines, namely, certain people would go to auction rooms, buy rugs, and then get me to give my opinion of their value. Many of them had cheek enough to send for me to go to their houses or offices. I found this very annoying, and I finally refused to do it. Among the many cases, I want to give two which I had with prominent lawyers in Boston who had bought rugs at auctions.

The first was a lawyer who was shrewd enough not to say that he wanted my opinion of the value of a rug, but simply sent a note asking me to call at his

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office on a matter of business. So I went and found him very cordial and pleasant. He brought out a rug and asked me the value of it. I told him just what I thought about the rug, and then the conversation ended and he thought I would go. But I turned to him and said, "You have to pay me twenty-five dollars." He wanted to know why. I told him that my opinion was worth certainly as much as that, if not more, and he said, "This is not the usual thing among tradesmen." But I told him my time was just as valuable to me as his was to him; that to advise a man about a small matter and to spend about five minutes and charge all kinds of prices for his opinion was his way. He treated the matter as a joke. Before we got through he knew I was in earnest. After a while I got my money with a threat that he would injure me in trade. I was not easily frightened with such threats, as my reputation was established for my honesty and fair dealing in business.

The second lawyer who had bought a rug at auction brought it to my store and asked me to tell him how much it was worth. When I saw the auctioneer's tag on it I told him that I did not think I was justified in setting a price on a rug bought at public auction. He argued with me, but I would not change my mind. As he was going out he said, "You may be sorry for this." I paid no attention to his threat as I was used to that sort of talk. A year or two after this man was appointed a judge in the Superior Court in Massachusetts. In course of time

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I had a case come up in this court against an actress for money due me for goods. Against all evidence, the judge ruled in favor of the actress. There were several prominent lawyers in the courtroom, all of whom seemed to be astonished at his decision. They expressed themselves to my attorney about the peculiar decision. This case showed me that as judges are human beings, they are apt to carry their personal animosities to the bench.

During my business career I met many high-class business men from all over the country. I had as my customers large merchants like Marshall Field, George Pullman and others of Chicago, the Vanderbilts, Astors, Austin Corbin and others of New York, most of the steel men of Pennsylvania, and many well-known railroad men, manufacturers and newspaper men all over the country.

CHAPTER XV

GIVING UP BUSINESS

AS my health was failing from constant attention to business and many outside affairs, my physician advised me to take a year's vacation—go away from the country and forget my business, or sell out. Unless one of those things was done, my life would be a short one. After considering the matter very carefully, I made up my mind to sell out my stock and retire entirely.

It may have been providential that the representative of one of the largest department stores in Boston came to me and asked me if I wanted to sell out all my goods. As I had many other things besides rugs, they separated the stock. For instance, I had a large variety of brass from India, Persia, Turkey, Egypt and Central Asia. They made a special display of these brasses, gathering all their own brass articles, such as spittoons, flower pots, candlesticks, etc., all of which had been stored as unsalable goods. These things were to be sold two days before the rug sale as advertised. I was told by one of the firm that every article of brass was sold out in one morning—even their spittoons.

In my agreement of sale, I was to be present for a week during the sale of rugs. I was present when the establishment was opened. In about an hour the rug department—which was a very large place—was

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filled. I saw with my own eyes three women grabbing one rug. One said, "I got it first." The next said, "I got it first"; and it was so all over the department, with no regard to size, design, quality or price. The firm had put their own goods with mine, yet in one day they sold over sixty thousand dollars worth. Members of the firm told me that they knew my name stood high with the trade and public, but they never thought it stood as high as their sales showed. Another firm from New York wanted to buy my name and take up the lease on my store (which had several years to run). They offered twenty-five thousand dollars for my name, but I refused it. I was not after the money as much as I wished to preserve my name in connection with the business. I had used it and my reputation honestly and honorably and I was unwilling to sell that for a consideration of twenty-five thousand dollars, because I didn't know how they would use my name.

I found, as a rule, ladies in America more careless and forgetful in business and personal matters than the women of other countries. To illustrate: At one time a lady, unknown to me as well as to my clerks, well-dressed, with highly intelligent face, came to see some goods. After she spent some time looking them over she left without making any purchases. At the curio and embroidery department, when the saleswomen were picking up the things, we noticed a lady's hand-hag. We opened it to find out the lady's name and address. Neither were inside. She was a stranger to us, and we found the card of

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a lady whom I knew very well, so I knew it was not the owner's card. Among other things in the bag there was nearly five hundred dollars in bills. The question was how to reach the lady. I finally wrote to the lady whose card was in the bag and asked her, without telling her the details, to let me know the name and address of the lady who had her card with her, describing the lady as well as I could. She came to see me and explained to me that there was a lady (giving her name and address) who had called on her a few days previous, and as she left her house they had exchanged cards. I did not tell her the story of the contents of the bag.

The lady who had left the pocketbook lived in Germantown, Pennsylvania. I telegraphed to her and asked her if she had lost anything. The reply came, saying that she had lost a pocketbook, and full details would follow by letter. I kept the pocketbook until I got her letter, in which she described the bag and contents, and told me to deduct from the amount of money what I wished as a reward and send the balance by my personal check, and then send the bag and the rest of its contents by registered mail. I sent my check for the entire amount of money, and also the other things, as she requested, by registered mail, and wrote her that our honesty was not for sale. In due time I received an answer of thanks. Whenever she visited Boston after that she always came to see me to express her appreciation. She told me in one of her visits that she went to several stores shopping and did not know which

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place she had left her bag. She had made inquiries at a number of places. We had many such cases, and I always made an effort to trace absent-minded owners of lost property.

At one time I was going to my summer home in Lancaster, Massachusetts. I was reading my paper most of the way. I noticed two ladies sitting in front of me. After they left the car at one of the small stations I straightened myself in my seat and noticed a lady's hand-bag and picked it up. I did not hand it to the train crew because from my personal experience I had learned that although train men as a rule were honest I rarely had gotten back things I had left in trains. Looking over the bag I was astonished to find nearly four hundred dollars in cash, a pair of diamond ear-rings and three other valuable rings, besides a silver toilet set. But I could find no name or address. I took it home and told Mrs. Bogigian what I had found, and she took the bag and, examining it thoroughly, she found a section at the bottom in which there was a card saying, "My name is Mrs. ———. My address, Burlington City." As in my travels I had learned there were several Burlington cities in different States, our dilemma was increased. The next time I went to Boston I went to the Information Department of the Boston Postoffice and showed the card and asked them if there was a possible way to find out in what State Burlington City was. Two men got the Post-office Directory, and looking over the book we were more puzzled than ever. Finally one of the gentle-

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men said to me, "You write a letter to that lady addressed to Burlington, Vermont, and it will reach her." I exhibited the contents of the bag to these gentlemen, and we came to the conclusion among ourselves that there were many careless people in the universe.

As soon as I reached my office I wrote a note asking her, "Have you lost anything?" In two days I received a letter telling me she had lost her hand-bag, describing the color of the bag, the ear-rings, the three rings and toilet set, and also wrote there were several hundred dollars, but she could not tell the amount. Then she wrote, "If you have found it, please let me know what reward you want and I will send you a check, and then you can send me the bag." By the letter I knew the bag was hers. I did up the bag safely, insured it, registered it, and sent it directly to her with a letter saying I required nothing for my honesty. In acknowledging the receipt of the package, she informed me she found everything in the bag and thanked me for it. At the bottom of the letter she wrote, "I would like to have one more letter from you telling me what is your religion." I wrote back to her, telling her I was a "heathen and uncivilized."

In my experience of fifty years I have been thrown in with church work, charitable institutions, Government work, etc., and without casting any reflections upon church people, I have found that the majority of them are rather narrow-minded. I confess that I am a Christian man and have the highest regard

for churches and their work. I have confidence still that there are many broad-minded people in churches. Nevertheless, many cannot see much good outside of their particular denomination. In my travels I have attended religious services in foreign countries. Wherever I have not found my own church affiliation I have attended those that I have found there, such as Roman Catholics, Greek Catholics, Mohammedan, Heathen, Sun, Moon and Devil Worshipers, and I have come to the conclusion that whether Christian sects or others, that the worshipers in all these sects have some excellent principles, and there is good among them all. It is not the religion that makes a man a man, but how closely he follows the tenets of his own religion and the purity of his motives, for there are no doctrines in the world but what are founded on good principles.

We in America feel that because we are Americans we are far better than the peoples of other countries, and we always feel suspicious whenever we travel in foreign lands that the inhabitants of those lands are not as good as we are. This is not theorizing, but actual fact. By coming into contact with ministers of the Gospel, judges, professors and leaders of the nation, I have come to this conclusion, that we have made ourselves liable as a nation to the just criticism of other nations, and that the criticisms we apply to our own Chicago applies to us all, viz., claiming higher buildings than any one, bigger business than any one, and better morals than any one. Bostonians claim that Boston is the educa-

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tional hub of the world. It is related that a lady from Boston visiting the Hot Springs of Arkansas, describing the wonderful beauties of the educational center, among other things, described Boston Common, and asked one of the guests if he had ever seen Boston Common. The man said, "I have never been in Boston, nor have I seen Boston Common, but I have seen too many d—— common people from Boston."

CHAPTER XVI

AMERICA'S LUXURY OF HIGH-PRICED CROOKS

IN 1892 I began to invest my surplus. The first investment I made was in stock of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad, at that time selling at \$192.50 a share. I kept increasing my investments in this stock, and also took stock in many other railroads.

I favored railroad investments because my experience in my travels had convinced me that no country is prosperous without railways, and also because I had faith in the State railroad commissioners, who were charged with looking after the interests of the public and were bound to know all about the condition of the roads. In Massachusetts there was a law that the railroad commissioners, knowing the value of the physical condition of the road and its earnings, had to set the price of new stock to be sold to the public so the railroad companies in Massachusetts could not sell their new stock to stockholders at par; therefore they set the prices according to their judgment—twenty, thirty, forty, fifty dollars more than the par value, and many of the investors, like myself, having full confidence in the commissioners' judgment, paid more than par value. To illustrate: If the N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R. was selling in the open market at one hundred and seventy-

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five the commissioners would put the price of the stock at one hundred and fifty dollars. Later developments showed that public officials, who were paid large salaries from the public treasury, were so careless that it amounted to malfeasance in office. It was one of the greatest crimes committed by the State of Massachusetts because the public had full confidence in the honesty and good judgment of these commissioners, and for the last twelve years they have never received a penny in dividends, and the stock has gone so low that practically they have lost everything. I have charged the railroad commissioners to their faces in public meetings, at annual stockholders' meetings, of neglect of duty, of ignorance and criminality. I have often said that I wished there was a law to sue the State or the commissioners for their most dastardly acts; and I have also publicly said that there was just as much satisfaction in suing a dead dog as in suing the State. I have been fighting the railroads since 1912, but the combinations of wealth, political interests and the carelessness of stockholders have simply given more impetus to the majority of the directors to carry on the railroad business for their own interest.

A railroad president is paid from fifty thousand dollars to one hundred thousand dollars; a vice-president from fifteen thousand dollars to fifty thousand dollars; their general counsel from twenty thousand dollars to fifty thousand dollars, and their friends and relatives are employed at high salaries when they are unfitted for railroad business. I have

charged railroad presidents in the annual stockholders' meetings and in special meetings that they are not worth three to five thousand dollars, and the other officers accordingly. I confess I have made myself obnoxious to the managers of railroads, telling them to their faces my opinion of them. They have often got their friends and employees to attend the meetings to try to heckle me and silence me, but I have never hesitated to tell the truth and the facts. I have been hated by those who have been dishonest and respected and publicly complimented by those who have been convinced that I have had no personal animosity, but a desire for justice and truth and for the defense of the interests of women and children. I have often been told, even by my bitter enemies of the railroad interests, that if there were five hundred stockholders who would stand up and tell the truth, compliment those who deserved praise and condemn the rascals, things would be mended.

At one of the annual meetings of the N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R. some of the most prominent directors were present. I charged them with negligence of duty and held them directly responsible for the sufferings of thousands of widows and orphans. I even gave a specified instance of this, telling about a woman who had just died at Wellesley, Massachusetts, after trying to exist on fifteen cents per day six days in the week and twenty-five cents for Sundays, nearly all her money having been invested by her husband in New England railroad stocks. The lady, who had written me these facts, told me that

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fortunately the deceased woman had previously put away enough money for her funeral expenses, else she must have been buried as a pauper, despite her many shares of railroad stocks. I have in my possession many hundreds of letters reciting similar sufferings. And many of them have expressed their deep gratitude for the fearless stand I have taken to protect their interests; but being in the minority, I have not been able to accomplish much, although the managers of the railroads have admitted that many of my suggestions for the good of the roads and their stockholders have been adopted by them. But the greediness of human nature has predominated among the directors and bankers, and they preferred to let the public suffer for their own gain.

Some years ago the management of the N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R., which is a fair sample of other railroads, increased the number of their directors to twenty-seven. When the railroad went to pieces and the Interstate Commerce Commission, with the Department of Justice, began investigating (the barn door was locked after the horse was stolen) some of those wicked and shameless directors saw that they were facing the gates of jails. They went to Washington, took the "immunity bath," and confessed their thievery and rascality. One such man was the owner of a hotel in Connecticut who had sold his hotel to the N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R. at enormous figures, and he testified in the investigation to his inability at grasping big financial questions and to being "thick-headed."

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Another one, who was formerly a State judge and a prominent man in church work, testified that he had purchased a small railroad which had not been used for some time for a few thousand dollars and sold it to the New Haven road for four million five hundred thousand dollars.

Those cases are on file in the Department of Justice as well as in the library of the Interstate Commerce Commission. Several other directors testified to their misdeeds, claiming they did not want to oppose J. P. Morgan, which was an outright neglect of their public trust. I charged those people with their unfitness to be seen in decent society.

The stockholders had a perfect right to bring a legal action against the majority of the directors for their neglect of duty, but the new directors, who were the creatures of the old ones, would not join the stockholders in prosecuting them, as was required by law. The New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad bought the Rhode Island trolleys, paying over thirty million dollars for them. During the Government investigation the courts ruled that the New York and New Haven must divorce itself from the electric railroads, steamship companies, hotel business and other dead dogs and cats which they had bought.

After this court ruling the outside interests were put under the management of other men and the trolleys were sold at public auction for two thousand two hundred and fifty dollars. In one of the annual meetings I brought this matter up as one of the

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biggest crimes in financial circles ever perpetrated in New England. When I was questioning the management I asked the general counsel, who was also vice-president, what other obligations they had on the Rhode Island trolleys. He reluctantly admitted that they had assumed the liability of several million dollars worth of bonds, which they were obligated to pay, and the coupons of which are still being paid by the New York and New Haven road. I have had many years of fighting that road, and although very unpleasant, yet I have considered it as my duty to the public to thus fight these irregularities.

As I stated above, with the exception of very few, the majority of the stockholders never took any part in these fights. Many lawyers, bankers and business men voluntarily supplied information of irregularities of the road to me, but when I asked them why they would not attend the meetings themselves of the stockholders they always said, "We are afraid of being ruined by the financial interests." In the Boston and Maine Railroad some of the directors, who were the representatives of the bankers, forced the railroad into receivership for fifteen million dollars of bonds. The railroad had at that time eight million dollars cash in banks and five million dollars worth of Maine Central bonds which were selling at par and paying five per cent, yet they had the audacity and bare-facedness to force the road into bankruptcy. I had an argument in one of those meetings with the president, who was the receiver, yet acting in the stockholders' meeting as the president of the

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railroad. I charged him and his directors with misconduct and malfeasance.

The Boston and Maine directors sent an outside attorney to New Jersey to ask one of the manufacturing firms which held one hundred and sixty-five thousand dollars worth of bonds of this fifteen million bond issue to come to Boston, or to bring suit against the Boston and Maine for non-payment of coupons, and force it into bankruptcy. The attorney succeeded in this and the suit was brought, and the railroad was forced into bankruptcy. This was done in order to force the leased lines of railroads to surrender their leases and take the Boston and Maine reorganization stock, with cumulative dividends, which finally was accomplished. During the life of the receivership the receiver had employed an outside attorney, who was paid between sixty-two and sixty-three thousand dollars. Boston and Maine management has a large force of attorneys in Boston, but when they need any attorney to represent them in court and public hearings they usually employ outside lawyers. In arguing with the president of the road at one of the annual meetings, I asked him when they have attorneys at from five to twenty-five thousand a year, with free passes and many other perquisites, why did he go outside that department of the road and employ other lawyers? I asked what the chief attorney of the road was doing? His answer was, "That man has kept me out of jail many times." (In my testimony before the Senate Committee of the Interstate Commerce Com-

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mission I recited this conversation, and the chairman of the committee, Senator Cummins, made the remark that he wished that president had been in jail.)

They employ lobbyists to corrupt the legislators of the States in order to put through bills favorable to their purpose. I have brought this up also in the meetings, but with no success. At one time when they had several million dollars on deposit in several banks and they needed about four hundred thousand dollars to pay the taxes in Boston, they borrowed from one of the banks that amount at eight per cent per annum, when that very bank had nearly two million dollars of the road's money on deposit. I brought these things also to the attention of the stockholders' meeting, but without getting any satisfaction or explanation. In my testimony before the Senate Committee I related this incident, and that the management never denied this charge. It is needless to go into more details, as it is sickening to know that men who stand high in financial and social circles would connive and maneuver to fill their pockets with others' money.

I know cases where a stockholder wanted to say something as a stockholder, and the directors and managers would simply laugh. I do not wonder when I hear other nations consider the Americans as money-makers and money worshipers, getting it by "hook or crook." In all my fights with the railroads, I can truthfully say that I have never fought for a selfish purpose.

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My life in this country has been varied, and during my business experience in the country I have come in contact with high Government officials of the United States and Canada. I have had chances to invest money in farm lands in Canada through the advice of Canadian officials. Lord Strathcone, who was formerly Sir Donald Smith, the Minister of Agriculture of Canada, I met on steamers, and he urged me to invest in land in Manitoba. At that time the land could be purchased for a dollar or two an acre. He also urged me, if possible, to bring over Armenians to take up land there for farming, but at that time I was occupied with my business and could not do so.

I had similar opportunities in the Northwestern States of this country, but I could not take them. I took trips with the managers and directors of the Northern Pacific, and Chicago, St. Paul and Minnesota railroads, the Union Pacific and the Santa Fe Railroad, and I could neither spare the money, nor was I able to get farmers from Armenia. Through my investments in railroads I have lost a large amount of money.

My own success here has convinced me that America is the country to which Armenians should come.

After the first massacre of 1895 and 1896 there was a rush of Armenians to get away from their country into any safe haven. My first thought was to influence them to reach America. Those who succeeded in getting away from Armenia and reach-

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ing here were advised by me to go to California and to Southern States. Although the climate in Armenia is very cold, I felt that milder climates would be better suited to them under their circumstances. Some went to California and a group went to Texas, where they built a town called Palestine. These have become prosperous farmers and business men, and the town is practically under their control. They have made themselves respected by the people in the surrounding country and are considered useful and patriotic citizens by the county and State.

Those who went to California saw the prospects of the land for raising fruit, and became fruit farmers, being successful in raising grapes, table, wine and raisin varieties, and also melons, apricots, peaches and oranges. They also introduced tobacco and cotton raising—all of which has proven a great success. The Armenians control one-third of the raisin business of the State, and one of them is called the "Watermelon King." All fruit industry was mainly in the hands of the Armenians and Japs. Those two races made San Joaquin Valley the most prosperous of California. Before these people settled there the land was used for ordinary farming and sold for from five to twenty-five dollars an acre. After the fruit industry was introduced, the value of raw land jumped to between two and three hundred dollars an acre. Consequently the landowners made enormous fortunes.

In 1919 and 1920 the improved land sold as high as twenty-five hundred to three thousand dollars an

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acre. Unfortunately, the jealousy of the other settlers has been raised by the extraordinary success of these two races.

After the first massacres, as well as recently, I interested myself to induce as many as I could to come over here and settle in the Southern States.

From time to time European powers, through the League of Nations, have tried to find a home for the Armenians. Encouraged by this movement, I took a trip to the Southern States to see if large bodies of suitable land could be obtained. In one of the towns I met a man (I purposely avoid giving names of States or towns) who had seventy-five thousand acres of "cut-over" land. He had listed this with the industrial department of one of the railroads for seven dollars an acre, or "best offer." I was directed by the railroad agent to look at this property.

After looking it over, I found that four-fifths was swamp land, which might have been drained at a large expense. At first the man would not quote me any price, but he followed me to New Orleans with the ex-Governor of the State, when he disclosed his plan, namely, to sell that unimproved land at seventy-five dollars an acre, with one-third cash payment. Also, I was to make a contract with him, as the authorized agent, to purchase any other land that might be required. I told him that my plan for immigration was not matured, it was embryonic, and depended on the Powers on the other side; but if successful, I would not enter into a contract with him. I told him he had listed his land as for sale

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at seven dollars an acre, and he had made his price to me over ten times as much.

Not all the Southern landowners were like the above. In the same town where the grasping man lived there was a lumber manufacturing firm who owned many thousand acres of timber land. About twenty-two thousand acres were "cut-over" land. In a conference with the members of the firm they made me this offer: If I could bring one hundred families of Armenians there they would give them free this twenty-two thousand acres of "cut-over" land, including the twenty-three houses built on it; they would also supply lumber at cost for the rest of the houses needed. Further, they would promise to employ the men in the winter months; and one of the members of the firm also said he would bring several hundred head of cattle from the West to be distributed free among the families.

I received many invitations from Chambers of Commerce in different towns and States to come as their guest to inspect prospective homes for the expatriated Armenians; but in no case did I permit these associations to pay my expenses. In undertaking this work, I was urged on by various charitable organizations and individuals. Dr. James L. Barton, who knew more about the Near East question than any one individual, urged my constant efforts in this work. In conference with him one day after his return from a visit to the Near East, he said to me, "Europe has sold the Armenians to the Turks. Now see what you can do to get them over

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here." He knew my heart and soul were in this work, and knew further that I would not be begging the public for my personal expenses, as so many so-called patriotic Armenians were doing.

While I found many desirable places for colonization, my efforts were balked, first, by the failure of the League of Nations to do what they had made it plain it was their purpose to do, viz., remove the Armenians entirely from Turkish soil; second, by a few self-appointed Armenian representatives at Geneva who wanted to keep in Turkey a sufficient number of Armenians to form a country of their own. This last proved to be a great blunder.

CHAPTER XVII

MY CHURCH CONNECTIONS AND BISHOP BROOKS

I took a very prominent part in civil and religious life in Boston and other places where there was work to do. I used to attend the Park Street Congregational Church, and was a member of it for twelve years. I look back with much pride and pleasure that I was one of the parties who succeeded in saving the Park Street church building from being sold for business purposes. Some of the most prominent members of the church were determined to sell the building at a high price, take that money and build a church in the outskirts of Boston, and have a large amount left to invest for income to support the church and its work. As, they argued, several wealthy members had died, and the district having become a boarding-house district, there was not enough wealth left to support the work. I was the one who started the fight to save the church. I took the ground that the founders of the church never expected a few wealthy men to support it; that they founded it on faith, and in faith we could continue it. Also, that these boarding-houses were the homes of young men and women who came from the country and needed a church home quite as much or more than the wealthy men living in the residential districts farther out. As the ultimate result of this

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controversy, an association was formed of business men to protect the Park Street Church—either to prevent its sale or to buy it if the sale was forced.

Later on trouble developed with the pastor of the church. This minister was formerly a Methodist and had a church in Worcester, Massachusetts, which he left to hold meetings and begin a series of sermons against the Roman Catholics. A vacancy occurred in the Park Street Church, the pastor, Dr. David Gregg, being called to the presidency of a college in Pennsylvania. The prudential committee of the church had heard of this Mr. Lansing, of Worcester, and wished to push his candidacy. At a meeting called for the members to vote on the question of calling him they urged him as the "best preacher in the country," and also "the best Christian" they knew. I had heard of the man and did not like his attitude, so I addressed the meeting, saying, "If he is the best preacher in the country we do not want him, for all other large churches will try to get him away by offering him large salaries. If he is the best Christian on earth we surely don't want him, for then God would want him in heaven, and he would die." The vote was taken and was carried by a large majority over the minority's protest.

He was called and installed as pastor. The tragic ending of this affair was that inside of a year the very men who had urged his installation found him too independent to be controlled, and not only withheld their support of him, but actually abused him.

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This was against my idea of justice, so with others I took Mr. Lansing's part and fought in his behalf. This thing continued some time. Outside ministers and influential men tried to bring the pastor and his opponents together, but all efforts failed. Finally the dispute was taken to court and at last settled by paying the minister a year's salary and releasing him from his charge.

During this time I had married, and my wife being an Episcopalian we had agreed to attend morning service at the Congregational Church and evening service at the Episcopalian, going to Trinity for the latter service.

One of the happiest results of this arrangement was our meeting the rector, who was then Rev. Phillips Brooks, and who became one of our best friends. Dr. Brooks had a class of young men during Lent, every Monday evening. His was such a lovable nature that he became the close friend of every member of the class. We all loved and respected him. He put every man in his class working for both church and charity all over the city. The Monday after Easter he gave a dinner at the rectory for his class. He talked and appeared and entered in our enjoyment as one of us.

He never passed my place of business without dropping in for a few minutes. If I was in, very often he would sit down, looking very tired, sometimes explaining his fatigue. Once I remember he said he had been watching two hours at the bedside of a very sick, poor child, so its mother could go out

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in the air for a time. He used to bring his friends, like Associate Justice Gray of the United States Supreme Court, and Dr. Van Vicker, of Philadelphia. All three of them were large, distinguished looking men and attracted the attention of every passer-by. At one of the dinners at his house I happened to be seated at his left. As the dinner proceeded, the door-bell rang. The attendant came to the dining-room and whispered to Dr. Brooks. The doctor excused himself and went out. As the door between the dining-room and hall was left open, we could hear the conversation. The caller, who was a student in Harvard, had come to invite Dr. Brooks to their alumni meeting to address them. We heard Dr. Brooks say to the caller, "As I am not a public speaker, and my time being fully occupied, I cannot accept your invitation; but if you want me to preach a sermon, I will gladly do it." The caller departed, and he came back and told those seated near him what the caller wanted.

There was a time in Boston when churches felt there were many thousands who did not attend church services, so they formed a sort of union of church workers and ministers to hold Sunday evening meetings in the Globe Theatre. (This theatre was torn down years ago, the site being used for a department store.) The ministers of different churches took turns in preaching. One Sunday night Mrs. Bogigian and I attended one of those meetings where Dr. Brooks was to preach. As we went in we saw two policemen in the lobby, and a third came

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in. The new-comer asked the others, "Who is the preacher tonight?" They answered, "Phillips Brooks," and the new-comer said, "Let us all go home; there will be no disturbance here when Phillips Brooks preaches."

There was a great movement at that time in temperance work, but Dr. Brooks did not take an active part in it. I asked him why he did not take a prominent part in the movement. His answer was, "If we ministers of the Gospel would preach the truth and the Gospel of Christ, there would be very little intemperance." He told me one time that he never had any different sermon when he preached in the theatre, but used the very sermon he had delivered in his own church. He also told me that those who did not attend church were not ignorant or below his usual congregation, but were men and women with Christian instincts who did not require a sermon preached to them by a minister who felt he must descend to their level.

One of the pleasantest incidents I remember of Bishop Brooks' confidence in me was when an Armenian, who had an orphanage in Aintab, came to this country to raise money for its support. He had endorsements by several clergymen, including the bishop's brother in New York. This man went to Bishop Brooks for his signature to a paper endorsing him and his work. After the bishop talked with him he asked him if he knew Mr. Bogigian, and the man answered yes. Then Bishop Brooks requested him to get a letter from me recommending him, and then

he would be glad to sign the paper. The man told him he had his brother, Rev. Charles Brooks', signature, but the bishop told him he would rather have my endorsement of him, as his brother could not have known him personally. The man, whom I had known for many years, came to me and told me the above, and I wrote a letter to Bishop Brooks, who not only signed the man's paper, but in doing so quietly enclosed a check for twenty-five dollars, which the man did not discover until he left the house. Later on, in speaking of this incident, the bishop told me that one of the easiest things to do was to get signatures endorsing people without personal investigation; this he considered to be at the bottom of many impostors.

One time he was contemplating a trip to Japan. When he finally decided to go, he told me he wanted to see Japan "before it was civilized."

There was a movement at that time in Turkey among Armenians to educate the Gregorian Armenian clergy under English professors, and the head of the Armenian Church in Cilicia had sent a delegate to London to lay the matter before the English church dignitaries. He did not seem to be successful, as he told me when I met him in London. On my return to Boston I told Dr. Brooks about the matter, and he said, "When you go to London next time, I will give you a letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury." (In those days I went abroad every six months.) When I was ready to go I called on Dr. Brooks and told him I was leaving for Europe

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in a few days. He gave me a letter to Archbishop Benson and also letters to other bishops. When I reached London I immediately presented my letters and was very cordially received by them all. The Archbishop of Canterbury made an engagement for me to lunch with him and talk over this important matter. The plan was that the head of the Armenian Church in Cilicia had offered to build the necessary buildings for educational purposes such as he had in mind. The only thing expected from the English Church was to send suitable professors and teachers, and that the Church of England be responsible for the salaries of these men. It was in this connection that I first met Lord Salisbury, Gladstone and other ministers of the Government. The Archbishop of Canterbury was not willing to take the initiative and wanted to have the cooperation of the English Government. After working some three years on this project, the Archbishop notified me that Lord Salisbury was not favorably inclined towards this movement, for fear the Turkish Government as well as some other European governments might construe it as part of the English plan to get into Turkey. So the matter was dropped, to my disappointment and that of Dr. Brooks. When Bishop Brooks died the world lost a great man, and I lost a great friend.

CHAPTER XVIII

BEGINNING OF THE MASSACRES AND INTERESTING THE RED CROSS

IN eighteen and ninety-four, during one of my business trips I took Mrs. Bogigian with me, with the intention of going into the interior of Turkey, where I was born. As usual I presented my letters to the American Minister and Consul, and told them my wish to take my wife to the interior. The Minister accompanied me to the Minister of Foreign Affairs of Turkey, and told him that I intended to take Mrs. Bogigian with me to my birthplace. The Turkish Minister told us that the country was somewhat in turmoil, and that he thought it unsafe for us to undertake the trip. We gave it up. I finished my business there and returned to America.

At the end of ninety-four and the beginning of ninety-five the reports from Turkey were most alarming. In the summer of eighteen hundred and ninety-five the massacres of the Armenians began to occur, and continued until sometime in eighteen hundred and ninety-six. The American Missionaries reported the horrible conditions of the Armenians in the interior and appealed to the American Board for financial aid. I was in constant touch with the Board, and we were trying to form a plan to raise money for the sufferers in the massacres. I appealed

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to the Boston Transcript, enclosing a check to start a subscription fund to raise money for the sufferers in the massacres.

Within a few hours after the publication of my letter, the money began to come in to the Transcript Office. One lady had sent ten one hundred dollar bills anonymously, so the managers of the paper sent for me, and advised me to form a committee. They suggested that I put the matter before the Governor of Massachusetts. I immediately called upon the Governor and laid before him the importance of having a committee composed of well-known men in the State. He immediately called a meeting of financiers, business men and clergymen. At that meeting there were some seven persons chosen, I being among the number, to act on this committee.

All this time cables were pouring in upon the American Board to get the American Red Cross to go to succor those Armenians. Our committee and the American Board advised me to go to Washington and see the President (at that time Cleveland). I immediately went to Washington and in company with Senator Lodge, called on the President and then on the Secretary of State—who was Richard Olney, of Boston. They all advised me to call at Red Cross Headquarters, which I did, when I met Miss Clara Barton, and her private Secretary, Mr. Pullman. Talking over the matter, Miss Barton said she would take the matter under consideration, but she requested that our committee raise at

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once five hundred thousand dollars or guarantee that amount, before she would decide to go.

I argued with her that it would take us time to raise five hundred thousand dollars and I knew our committee would not personally be responsible for so large a sum, and that the matter seemed to me impossible. I urged her that I would personally pay her expenses to Boston and back, if she would go to meet our committee and talk the matter over. She would not come alone, but must bring her private Secretary; so I guaranteed the expenses of both. Before I left them I reasoned with her that while we were trying to raise such a big sum to be held in the banks, people were dying by the hundreds, and I did not consider that good business. I told her that we would cable the money to her just as fast as we raised it, but she still insisted on cash.

However she consented to come to Boston. When she came, we had a meeting at the Mayor's Office with our committee and many prominent men in attendance. At that meeting the matter was gone over thoroughly, and she finally consented to undertake the work.

As there was also a committee formed in New York and Mr. Spencer Trask was the representative of that committee, we decided to co-operate with the New York committee, and arranged a meeting at the Waldorf-Astoria where were present, Miss Barton and her Secretary, Mr. Trask, another gentleman from New York, whose name I do not recall; Dr. Judson Smith, of the American Board; Mr.

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Philip Moen, of Worcester, and myself, representing the New England committee. At that meeting the New York committee wanted to have a clear understanding with Miss Barton in regard to financial matters. I saw that there was a disagreement arising between the New York committee and Miss Barton. Miss Barton wanted to be given a free hand in this work, with no guidance or restrictions from the committees. But all the committee, except myself, were in favor of having Miss Barton keep the committee informed all the time, as to how the money was spent. As I had a personal interest in those starving people, I stood by Miss Barton.

An agreement was drawn up between the Red Cross and the committee. Miss Barton required several changes in that paper. Mr. Trask took me out of the room and argued with me that the Red Cross was impractical, and he had an experience with it in the Jamestown disaster and other disasters, so he wanted me not to insist upon giving in, in every way to the Red Cross. But as I was anxious for the Red Cross to go immediately, I was not in sympathy with Mr. Trask's views, and some of the points in the agreement were changed, and finally the agreement was drawn up and signed. I have the original rough draft in my possession. Miss Barton immediately got her people together and left for Constantinople.

The day of the sailing I went to New York, with a letter of credit from our Committee for seven thousand five hundred dollars in the name of Miss

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Clara Barton. The New York committee had already given a larger sum, and independently other people sent her contributions for the work, so she had quite a large sum. As I handed the letter of credit to Miss Barton, Mr. Pullman, her private Secretary, was standing by her, as Miss Barton reached for the document, Mr. Pullman grabbed it, and twirled on his toe. This action and the fact that they occupied the most expensive accommodations on the steamer, opened my eyes and made me wonder if Mr. Trask was not right in his contention that the Red Cross was impractical.

They sailed, but before they reached Constantinople I had several cablegrams informing me what wonderful receptions they had in different capitals en route. When they reached Constantinople I received a cablegram which was almost letter size, the cost of it was between eighty-five and ninety dollars. It contained nothing that we could use to interest the public, it was simply telling what royal receptions they had had.

We worked hard, and raised several hundred thousand dollars and sent it to her. She had hired for herself, temporarily, a palace in Constantinople and had many servants, all this being paid for by the committee's contributions. We learned later on that she was using largely Missionary agencies to look after the starving people, using for this work the money left after paying her own extravagant expenses. As far as my business connections with Miss Barton went I had the highest respect and

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confidence personally for her. The general impression was that she was misled by those nearest her, and the sad ending of her activities would confirm that impression.

Finally both committees decided that it was better to utilize the missionaries who were on the field and were familiar with the conditions, and so we requested Miss Barton to return. All her reports from the field were merely general, and it was useless for us to use those reports to influence the people to give to the fund. On her return to this country we tried to have her give a concise report of how the money was spent, but that she would not and never did do. But she published a book of several hundred pages giving a minute description of her receptions all over Europe, but with not a single word about the money expenditures. This was most embarrassing to our committees, since we could give no public report as to the use of the money we had raised. I had devoted my time for nearly one year to this work, going from Montreal to New Orleans, making speeches and raising money for it. I paid my own expenses, both traveling and hotel, besides giving money to the cause.

When our committee was formed, as they all looked to me to be the active member, I requested them to have no expenses. They insisted we must have a secretary, so I suggested to them that we might be able to get a lady or gentleman to act in that capacity without pay, but there was a politician, well-known to some of the committee who said he

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would serve as secretary for the "nominal sum" of one hundred dollars a month and his expenses. But this man used my private Secretary to write all his letters in regard to the work.

We received a letter from Dr. McDougall, the editor of the *Montreal Item*, a newspaper published in Montreal, with a large circulation all over Canada, asking our committee to send some one to Montreal to give addresses in churches on the Armenian situation; a man who understood the situation well. So our committee asked me to be that man, and the secretary suggested that he ought to go too, and the committee allowed him to accompany me. We went there at once, and met Dr. McDougall, who had already arranged a meeting of prominent clergymen of all denominations as a preliminary to the public meetings.

At this meeting the Lord Mayor of Montreal presided. A small committee was chosen to consider whether to call a big mass meeting, or have meetings in different churches. After the meeting, our secretary met the Lord Mayor and suggested to him that he ought to call a public meeting and remarking that he would stand a better chance for re-election if he did such a thing. It did me good to hear the Lord Mayor say, "You must remember that Montreal is a great Catholic community, and this movement was begun by protestants, and I do not know whether the Catholics will participate," adding, "Whatever I do in the matter, I will do it without any political or personal consideration because the

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subject is Humanity." We stayed there four days, meantime the Lord Mayor notified us that he had seen some of the most prominent church people, among them, the Archbishop of the Catholic Church, and they had all agreed that a mass-meeting ought to be called, that all would gladly co-operate. As this meeting was not to take place immediately, the Lord Mayor told us to go back to Boston and they would set a date for the meeting and he would notify us, turning to me he said, "We want you to come and no one else."

On our return to Boston I had many speaking engagements not only there but in other towns and states. In due time we received notice giving date of the Montreal mass-meeting. I went, but this time alone.

I have never been a public speaker and often was much embarrassed in addressing large audiences. I found the meeting was to be held at Windsor Hall, at that time the largest hall in the city. Before the open meeting their committee met in one of the ante-rooms, and I was invited, and there I met a large number of clergymen, business men and bankers. The time of the meeting arriving, the committee marched on to the platform, I being seated next to the Lord Mayor who was to introduce the speakers. When I saw the sea of faces,—many unable to find seats—I had an attack of "stage fright." Evidently the venerable Catholic Archbishop noticed my embarrassment for he walked over to me, put his hand on my shoulder and said, "Mr. Bogigian, when you

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get up to speak, forget yourself, and think only of your subject." This was an inspiration to me.

When I was introduced, spoke, without trembling, forty-five minutes which was my allotted time. As I took my seat the public called for more and the call was so insistent that the committee asked me to continue speaking. When I got through, I was called again, I jumped to my feet and said, "Ladies and gentlemen! I have stood the torture of reciting the horrible conditions of the Armenians—now I will ask you to show your generosity and do your part." After me several others spoke and a contribution was taken and pledges made, which amounted to more than fifteen thousand dollars.

On my return to Boston, I found many more engagements made for me by the committee, which I kept. I went all over New England; in many places there were mass-meetings of all the people. I had an amusing experience in one of the little towns in Connecticut. A young Episcopal clergyman absolutely refused to attend, with the excuse that they did not allow their clergy to mingle with other denominations. His absence was more than made up by the Catholic Priest's presence, who made the most earnest appeal for the cause.

CHAPTER XIX

PROFESSIONAL BEGGARS AND THE REFUGEES

PROFESSIONAL beggars gave me more amusing experiences. A woman had gone to the Chairman of our committee to enlist herself to raise money for the cause; the Chairman sent her to me. She, by chance, found me in my office, and told me of the great interest she had in the Armenians. From her appearance and talk, I felt that she had some personal motive, so I asked her to tell me just what her plans were, and what she expected. She told me that she wanted twenty-five dollars a week, and one-third of what she might raise. I asked her what she wanted the twenty-five dollars for, she replied that was for carriage hire, to call on bankers and other men of wealth, and that if she didn't have a carriage she would be taken for an ordinary beggar. I asked her if she intended to have her carriage drive into the offices so the prospective contributors could see she was arriving in a carriage. Finally I told her we had no need of her services in any way, shape or manner. I had many experiences like this, which convinced me that even raising money for charity is a profession.

A wealthy banker in Boston, whom I knew very well, called at my office many times, but had not found me in. Finally I told my secretary if the

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gentleman came again to make an appointment, so I could see him, which she did. At the appointed time he came and expressed his great sympathy for the Armenians, and his pleasure to know I was so deeply interested, and he hoped I would be successful. All the time I was expecting he was about to make some large contribution. As he was leaving, without tangibly showing his sympathies, I spoke out and said, "Is that all you have been wishing to see me for, to tell me of your sympathy?" He said, "Yes," and then I told him, "The starving and destitute Armenians cannot live on sympathy, and I have hoped you would be one of the large contributors." He immediately felt conscience stricken, asked my Secretary to give him pen and ink that he might write a check, I told him to make the check out to the treasurer of the fund. It proved to be a large one.

There were a great many boys and girls who had devoted a week or a month to selling papers, and doing other work to earn money for the Armenian cause. I was speaking in one of the churches in Boston. When the service was over a woman, apparently poor, came to where the Pastor and I were standing, and handed me an envelope, which contained a few dollars, and said, "I make my living doing washing and this represents my week's earnings." I thanked her and handed the envelope to the Pastor, as I rarely handled money myself. Ladies would come and leave some of their jewelry and other valuables to be sold for relief work. I

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was perfectly astonished to see the generosity of the American public, poor and rich.

The Secretary of the committee wanted me to go with him to the Presidents of New England railroads to get passes. They all were glad to give them, except one, who refused point-blank, and that happened to be one of the richest railroads in New England. My companion began to argue with him but I told him that "as long as Mr. ———, is positively against giving passes, there is no need to waste time arguing, as he is a busy man." I left the office, my friend followed me. Before we were out of the President's suite, his private Secretary overtook us, and calling me by my name, said, "The President wants to see *you*." So I returned, and my friend followed. When we reached the President's private office, he asked me how many passes I wanted and for how long. He told his Secretary to make out the passes and leaned back in his chair looking at me very seriously. He excused himself for being so abrupt at first, saying "Mr. Bogigian the fact that you did not urge your request touched my heart—and I am sorry I refused you at first," and then added, "At any time you want these passes extended, or you need more of them you come and see me." As we were leaving, he rose, came to the door with us, handed me twenty-five dollars in cash for the work. I hope later on in this work to write more fully of the causes of the massacres.

When the contributions began to fall off the Treasurer of the American Board who was handling

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the money then, told me they had decided not to send less than ten thousand dollars by cable, because cabling cost so much. I told him I would be responsible for the expenses of cabling if he had two or three thousand on hand. I assumed this expense until the fund was closed.

During these times, people in Armenia were seeking a refuge in a safe country, and as many as were able to pay their passage were coming to America. At one time there were about four hundred Armenians on one steamer, and of these ninety-two who had no money. Lady Henry Somerset, of England, had raised enough among her friends to pay the passage of this ninety-two. All of these people had come as far as Marseilles, and sailed from there to New York. When they arrived in New York all those who had defrayed their own passage were allowed to land, but those who had been assisted by Lady Somerset were not permitted to land, and were kept at Ellis Island to be deported by the same steamer. (We had a law then in this country that all assisted immigrants were debarred from entrance into this country.)

When I heard of these ninety-two who were to be deported, I immediately telegraphed to Senator Hoar, a great man, with a kindly spirit. He took my telegram to President Cleveland, asking what could be done to land those refugees. Senator Hoar wrote me the President called for consultation, the Secretary of State, the Attorney-General and the Secretary of the Treasury, (at that time all immigration

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was under the Secretary of the Treasury). President Cleveland, being a kindly man, felt that to have those people sent to Turkey meant sure death to them, so he took the matter up earnestly. One of the Secretaries said there was a Federal law in the Statute books, that any assisted immigrant could be landed if some responsible party went on his bond for five hundred dollars for each person, so he would not become a public charge. All these things took some time, but because of an appeal, these people were permitted to remain at Ellis Island after their steamer sailed.

Senator Hoar had written to me the way to get these people out, so I telegraphed in reply that I would go on their bonds if the Treasury Department would accept me as surety. He informed me he had interviewed both the President and Secretary of the Treasury, and if I could demonstrate my financial ability to the Department to give so large a bond, the Government would accept it. Mr. Charles Hamlin, a Boston man, who was Assistant Secretary of the Treasury was delegated to go to Boston and look into the matter. By appointment, Mr. Hamlin and I met Mr. Moorfield Storey, one of the most prominent attorneys and a very public spirited man, and I showed them my financial resources. Mr. Hamlin was perfectly satisfied and the bond was executed, and Mr. Hamlin telegraphed to the Treasury Department that my bond was satisfactory. In sending the telegram he made it a duplicate, and Mr. Hamlin told me to keep the original and send

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the duplicate to Washington. I am sorry to say that after all these years I have mislaid the original telegram. However the orders were issued to the Immigration authorities in New York to discharge those ninety-two Armenians from Ellis Island.

In the meantime I had received a communication from Mrs. Booth Tucker, of the Salvation Army, she being located in New York, saying she would be glad to take charge of all those Armenians, and care for them until places were found for them to earn their living.

As Lady Henry Somerset was the leader of the Temperance Society in England she had communicated with the Temperance Association in America, and the Boston Branch came forward and said they would take a few of these immigrants. One of the ladies of the Society was very anxious to go with me to New York to see the landing of these refugees. She kindly informed me that she expected me to pay her expenses there and back. I agreed to do it, and we went to New York and I called at Salvation Army Headquarters and met Mrs. Booth Tucker. She immediately arranged to have several of her assistants accompany us to Ellis Island. In the meantime she had arranged to have some of her co-workers wait at the landing at the Battery, with the Salvation Army band. When we went to Ellis Island, after finishing the legal formalities, this Boston lady asked me to let the Boston branch have a few of the immigrants to look after, and to find work for them. We agreed this should

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be done, but the majority of them were put under Mrs. Booth Tucker's charge. When we arrived at the Battery we found the Salvation Army had provided a wholesome lunch for the refugees. After which we started for Boston, I paying the passage for all. Personally I knew none of them.

After reaching Boston with our party of Armenians they were taken in charge by the Boston branch of the Temperance Association. A few days later these very ladies wanted me to aid them financially in caring for these refugees; and finally employment was found for them, but I did not know where, until after several weeks.

One Sunday, taking up a Boston paper, the first thing I saw on the front page was that the Temperance Society had found work for the Armenians in a Southern State, which work had proved to be illicit distilleries. Naturally the women did not know the sort of work they had found, but it caused an uproar in newspapers. This had come to light through one of the Armenians running away from the still where he was working, and informing the nearest town officials of the conditions of the Armenians, as they were being used as slaves at the camp, and the town officials notifying Federal authorities. Then the Armenians were cared for by good people of the South, and I can say candidly that only a single one of all those ninety-two ever came back to me, and this one was very soon convinced he must either work or return to Turkey, and not look to me to support him.

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Mrs. Booth Tucker had asked me if I would go on bonds for similar cases in the future, if such cases came up. I told her at any time that I could be of any service I would be glad to do it. For several years this bond-giving continued for individuals or families. It has been a great pleasure to me whenever I have gone through this country to meet Armenians, whom I did not know, but who recognized me, and who would express their gratitude to me for helping them to remain in America. Some of those men today are professors in Universities, inventors, chemists, doctors, dentists, merchants and ministers in American Churches. The Armenians wherever they have gone, all over the world, always have tried to hold high positions, never to look down, but to look up and improve their condition.

CHAPTER XX

PHILANTHROPY AND FOOL-ANTHROPY

I HAVE tried to be a useful citizen of the country of my adoption, in every way I could. During the World War, I gave part of my land (several acres) to the War Department, to raise vegetables for Camp Devons. My summer home was separated by the Nashua River from the land taken by the War Department for the detention of German prisoners, who were largely sailors on German steamers. Several hundred American soldiers were also left there as guards while being drilled. I had much difficulty with the soldiers, who came on my land and cut my trees, pulled up my fence posts, and milked my cows. After appealing to the Commander of the camp, these depredations stopped. Before the Armistice was signed, the Government had ploughed up much of my land with tractors. Later I received a notice from the War Department that they no longer needed this land, despite our written agreement with the Department that they would put the land in the same condition as when they took it. Yet they left the land ploughed up. I had asked nothing for the use of the land, and received nothing. I had to go to work and put the land back to what it was, which cost me many hundreds of dollars.

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The next thing I did was when the war ended and American soldiers were returning to this country. Much sympathy was everywhere expressed for these returned soldiers, and a bill was introduced in the Massachusetts Legislature, to raise five hundred thousand dollars to buy farms, or hire them, to put these returned soldiers on the land to make a living. I wrote a letter to Governor Coolidge (later President Coolidge), offering my farm (reserving my summer residence), to the Governor's committee who were looking after the soldiers. My farm contained eighty acres, two houses, two barns, twenty cows, four horses, and all the necessary implements to carry on the farm. I offered the use of all these free to any deserving soldier whom the committee would recommend. But my experience in this philanthropic venture proved to be very unsatisfactory; for my attempt at service was not only not appreciated but on the contrary the beneficiaries caused me considerable anxiety.

Then I offered the use of my farm to a world-wide Charitable Association for five years, with the understanding that I would give them the deed to it after that time if they showed that they were capable of using the place to a good purpose. I reserved the residence for our own use, and in case of my death and my wife's they were to have the entire place. We had papers drawn up, the Boston representatives of the Society were delighted with the terms. They sent the papers to the headquarters in New



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York, and then on to London (this was told me by one of the officers).

In the meantime they had put their men on the place. They were tearing down the partitions in the barn before the papers were signed. I complained verbally and in writing to the chief representative of the society, asking him not to do anything until the papers were signed, but he plausibly showed me that everything was all right. After a while he came to me and wanted me to include the mansion with the land and other buildings. When I told him we had no place to go he kindly offered to let us have two rooms in our eighteen-room house for myself and wife. This I refused. Finally they would not sign the papers unless I also gave them my house.

This took nearly three months, and in the meantime their men were very busy selling off the cattle, some of the tools, sending away some of my best harnesses, selling the lumber from the destroyed partitions and selling the grain we had raised on the place. Remember, this was to be a free gift on my part. When I came to realize what their motives were I gave them a legal notice to quit the place, and I confess I had a hard time to get rid of them. Later on I learned that one of the governors of Ohio had gone through the same experience with the same society, so I felt I was not the only philanthropic fool in the world. Since those experiences I have been a wiser but poorer man, as all these have cost me thousands of dollars.

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I was invited to visit at one of the headquarters of this society, where I found the kitchen was tiled, the furnishings were nickel-plated "to make it sanitary," as the officer in charge told me. And this was done to give lunches to the fifteen or twenty people employed in the office—at a cost of between twenty-five hundred and three thousand dollars. It was the most beautiful kitchen I had ever seen, and I doubt whether any of the large contributors to its cost had any such kitchens in their homes. It is well for us who are interested in charity and philanthropic work that we do not know the inside workings of these societies, expenses of some of which are enormous and needless, as the money comes so easily. I have come to the conclusion, as far as I am concerned, I would rather give my money directly to the poor.

For several years I watched the court records in the daily papers to find cases of poor women who may have been tempted to steal, or to do other law-breaking in order to support their families or themselves, and I have offered, through the police departments, to pay their fines and keep them out of jail. Naturally these women were utter strangers to me. One particular case, a young married woman whose husband had disappeared, leaving her with a small child to support and nothing to support it with, was wandering through the streets; as she passed a bakery she went in; the child, seeing a pile of doughnuts, took one. The proprietor of the bakery shop had her arrested. Her case came to court the next

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day and she was fined ten dollars, or thirty days in jail, by a cruel judge. Seeing this in the paper, I immediately telephoned to the police and told them not to send her to jail, for I would pay the fine. This is one of many cases.

At that time a bank failed in the city of Boston, wrecked by four of the officers. Two million dollars of the funds disappeared. The case went from court to court. After many delays, one of the gang was made the goat and sent to jail for a few years in the western part of Massachusetts. His family moved there, and it was openly rumored that he spent more nights in his family's house than in jail. Several years after, one of these four men, who was a prominent lawyer drawing salaries from several railroads for lobbying, spoke at a railroad meeting, making the statement that he had bought a thousand shares of the stock of that road. Knowing the man and his connection with the bank failure, and knowing that he hid himself at a friend's house nineteen days, I asked the question in the meeting, whether the money paid for the thousand shares was not part of the money obtained from the wrecking of the bank. He immediately sat down and never again appeared in a railroad meeting if he knew I was to be present.

There are many cases of this kind occurring every year, but some way the guilty parties rarely see the inside of a jail. But small offenders who have no money and no political pull to employ crafty attorneys to defend them are punished by fine or jail

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sentence, or both. I often wonder at the injustice, and when such discrimination is made between rich and poor in courts of justice if we are not laying a train of powder that will eventually explode and ruin the country. One of the most prominent attorneys in the country told me that the man who steals the most will get away with it best and rarely be convicted.

In my travels in different States of this country it has been a habit with me to talk with judges, police, sheriffs and foremost attorneys with a view of finding out what the particular crimes of different nationalities are. In doing this I have discovered a great deal of ignorance and prejudice formed through ignorance of different nationalities.

Once I was in California stopping in one of the large hotels. Being there a long time, I knew the proprietor and his family very well. One evening the proprietor's wife came to me and told me that one of the well-known judges of the State was in the hotel, had seen me in the lobby often, and wished to meet me. I told her I would be glad to meet the judge, so she introduced us. He talked to me about the condition of the State and the population, and told me about the various nationalities there, and their characteristics. Going on to speak of certain nationalities which he considered undesirable, I asked him how intimately he knew them; how close in contact he had been with those undesirable races. In answering, he confessed that he had no near knowledge of them. Most of his information had

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come from others. I found him fair enough to acknowledge that he ought to have investigated these races before he made so sweeping a charge against them. He asked me if I was a lawyer. I answered no. Without going into details, we became the best of friends.

In many instances our judges do not measure up to the high standard of our country. One particular judge, I remember, was so deaf that the witnesses and attorneys had to shout in his ear. Some are so prejudiced against certain races that lawyers practicing in their courts advise their clients of these races to settle their cases rather than be tried before that particular judge.

I have known attorneys who were so crooked that they would not lie straight in their coffins if they died. I heard a story which illustrates this perfectly. One time the partition wall between heaven and hell fell. Peter sent a messenger to the Devil, saying that the saints in his department were feeling pretty hot, and that particular wall belonged to the Devil to fix. But the Devil took no notice of the demand. Finally Peter sent a peremptory message that it must be fixed; and if he did not he would sue the Devil. The reply was, "Go ahead and sue," adding, "I have all the judges and lawyers on this side of the wall." I told this story once in a speech I was asked to make before a State Bar Association. They laughed so long that I felt the cap fitted. The above cases are not given in condemnation of judges and lawyers as a class, but in sorrow that so many of

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that kind exist to bring contempt upon our laws and our country. Of course, telling the truth is often not popular with the hearer. As the German proverb says, "When a man goes around telling the truth he cannot find a lodging house for the night." But my experience has been that many people do like to hear the truth.

Often the judges in Massachusetts would refer disputes between two Armenians to me for adjustment. Whatever my decisions were, they would be accepted and both parties would go away satisfied.

CHAPTER XXI

TRAVELING IN FOUR CONTINENTS

WHEN I was a small boy my brother took me to a city across the Euphrates. When I saw the river at a distance I was so frightened at the sight of the water that I cried. When we reached the river and the ferry came to take us across they had to cover my eyes and put me in the bottom of the boat until we were over the water. And when I first took passage across the Atlantic I was so sick that I didn't care whether I lived or died, and I vowed I would not cross the ocean again, very little dreaming that I would cross it later two or three times a year. As George Eliot says in one of her works, "Troubles are like bitter pills; we take one and find it possible to go on." I have crossed the Atlantic eighty-seven times, and found it so pleasant that I like to do it over and over again. Like others who have crossed the ocean, I have formed many pleasant companionships and made the acquaintance of noted people from all countries, some of which ripened to a delightful friendship.

One winter in crossing the steamer encountered a terrific storm. There happened to be few passengers on board, but among them was a minister and his wife, who had the stateroom next to mine. The lady was very sick, the gentleman just able to be

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around, but he was very anxious for the safety of the steamer. He kept going to the captain, asking him if there was any danger. The captain was so annoyed by these constant inquiries, amidst his own anxieties, that he took the clergyman to the head of the gangway going down to the engine-room, and asked him if he could hear what the stokers were saying. The minister answered, "Yes; they are swearing." The captain told him that as long as the stokers were swearing there was no danger. After that the minister, instead of annoying the captain with questions, would go to the head of the gangway going down to the engine-room and listen, and then go back and say to his wife, "Thank God, they are still swearing."

On another trip from Liverpool there was an English clergyman from Kingston, Ontario, on board. It was almost July Fourth and the stewards were decorating the saloon with United States flags to celebrate. The day before the fourth, as we went to our dinner (my seat was on the left of the captain, and the clergyman was second on the captain's right), the clergyman asked, on seeing the American flags, "What are those nawsty rags for?" The captain answered they were there to celebrate the Fourth. I was so angry over the form of his question that I spoke up and said, "Unless you stand up and take back your words about the flag of my country and apologize to me, there will be trouble." He looked at me and wanted to know what that trouble might be. I told him that I would give him

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just two minutes to comply with my request, or else he would get my plate of soup in his face, and a thrashing besides. The captain immediately spoke to the minister, telling him, "Mr. Bogigian is perfectly right; you had no cause to make such a remark." The man tried to palliate his offense by saying, "This is an English steamer." Without waiting for further remarks, I threw the plate of soup in his face, jumped up to go around the table to administer the promised thrashing, when the captain interfered and demanded of the minister, with no more parley, an apology, which he made at once, and the matter was dropped.

At another time an accountant of an English company that has irrigation systems in some parts of California was returning to England from his work. This man could not say enough bad things about America and Americans. There was also a Minister of the Canadian Government. He joined me in making the man's life very miserable by jokes on his limited experience of America, and even less knowledge of the English people.

In crossing one time I witnessed a burial at sea, which was very impressive until the box containing the body was slid over the railing into the deep sea. That impressed me so unpleasantly that I took the matter up with the agent of the line in Boston, arranging that if anything should happen to me, my body should be brought back to America for burial. He told me the many difficulties on both sides of the Atlantic, and suggested that I write a letter to

the company, requesting them to bring my body back, and assuring them that any expense incurred by the company my heirs would be responsible for it. I complied with his suggestion, and every time I crossed thereafter they always carried a coffin. This was done so often that the captains and the officers of the steamers would say when I went aboard, "We knew you were coming when we saw the coffin put on board."

I remember with a great deal of pleasure and happiness of some most delightful people of all classes on these voyages. Being of a social disposition, I always made the passage very pleasant. On one steamer we had eight prominent judges, many ministers and priests and lawyers and well-known merchants. On the second day some one came to me, saying, "Bogigian, barring the weather, we expect you to make this voyage a very pleasant one." On that steamer we had quite a few students from the different New England colleges, of both sexes. One woman's college, in particular, had several young ladies chaperoned by a man and wife named Shepherd. Naturally the young people of both sexes wanted to have a pleasant time, and some of the Harvard students got into conversation with Mr. Shepherd's "flock." When he saw that the boys were talking to the girls he went up to the boys and said, "I don't want you to speak to my girls without a formal introduction." This joke was enjoyed by every one on board, and the man's life was made miserable all the way over, as whenever he came on

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the promenade deck the boys would audibly ask each other if they had been formally introduced to the girls. I personally had very little to do with this joke, but poor Mr. Shepherd always blamed me for being at the bottom of it.

Those who have crossed the ocean know that the night before landing the passengers have a concert or some jollification, after which a contribution is taken for the Sailors' Home. Two or three days before landing, one of the prominent judges asked me what was the program for that concert. Without premeditation, I immediately said to him that we would have a trial of the young man who first spoke to Mr. Shepherd's girls without formal introduction, and I also said, "You are to preside as trial justice." He was the most jovial and fun-loving person of his profession that I have ever met. He laughed so much that the tears ran down his cheeks. Then I asked him if he would preside. His answer was, "If you have decided upon me, I certainly will do it." Then the word was passed around among the students of both sexes and passengers. Some of the boys came to me to plan the case. We chose the victim of the fun—one of the young men who was unsophisticated, innocent and harmless. We chose the jury list to be drawn and the lawyers for defense and prosecution. When the boys asked me what part I was going to take, I said I was to be a silent listener, and they chose me to be the sheriff.

We prepared the matter very carefully, but did not take the victim into our confidence. We did,

however, take a young lady into our confidence who was fun-loving and willing to enter into our innocent plot. So when the night came I was dressed up in an officer's uniform, with brass buttons and gold braid, and the chosen attorneys requested me as sheriff to present the names of the jurors. Before we could proceed very far we found that the smoking room was too small, so we adjourned to the dining saloon. The ladies of all ages were as much interested in the fun as the men. The jury was drawn, the judge on the bench, the case opened, and I was requested as sheriff to bring in the guilty party. I with my aides marched to where the young man was sitting, and forcibly brought him before the bar. The young lady, with a mere request, came forward. Previously we had arranged with the jurors to bring a verdict of guilty, and in that verdict the judge was to pay the fine, which was to treat the whole crowd, but there being a division in the jury as to this verdict they finally decided the judge was to treat the whole crowd to cold water, the steamship company to furnish the sandwiches, and then the collection was taken for the Sailors' Home—and it proved to be a large one.

At another time, during the Boer War, when we stopped at Queenstown to take on the pilot, I called to him as he was boarding the ship, "What about the war?" He called back, "Peace is signed!" and we all cheered. At dinner that night an Englishman who had been in America inspecting our cotton fabrics rose and proposed we should drink to the

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English victory. I immediately got up and said I objected; that most of the passengers were Americans, and the sympathies of my countrymen were divided on the question of war. Many cheered me and called to the Englishman to sit down. That night, instead of the usual last-night concert, we had a sort of jollification that the war was over, no matter who won.

There were curious instances of the love of Americans for titles which came out on shipboard. In one case a man, who seemed to be decidedly "cockney," went about telling about his business in America. He had, according to his story, been looking after his father's large mining interests in both Canada and the United States. He intimated that his father was in the House of Lords, but his accent intimated that he himself lived "below stairs." I warned some of the passengers that he was an impostor, and he went to the captain complaining that I insulted him. Naturally the captain did nothing, but told him to wait until we landed, when he could have me arrested if he wished. However, no arrest took place. When we reached London I told one of my traveling companions I would pay for his cab fare if he would go to the address this man had given and find out if he lived there. He did so, and found he was unknown at that rather swell address. Some time later other passengers accidentally ran across the "son of nobility" acting as a waiter in the restaurant they patronized. I am relating these things as a warning to my over-gullible fellow-

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countrymen who love to meet the owners of "titles." Personally, I have always felt to be an American citizen was quite as great as to own a foreign title.

"Prince" Kropatkin was a traveler on the same steamer with me at one time, on his way to give a course of lectures at Harvard. He was constantly preaching to the passengers that socialism was the true life; that we should share what we had with others; that all were free to have and be like each other. I had noticed he had his whiskey with his breakfast, his cocktail before lunch, and his wine and champagne at dinner, so once I answered his announced theories by saying, "Yes, that is fine! Suppose you begin by sharing your various drinks with the steerage." That made him furiously mad, and he said, "My expenses are paid by the college," which was a ridiculous statement and caused general laughter. Titles in Russia were as common as mongrel dogs in Constantinople.

Boston business men felt that there was need of faster steamer service between that port and Europe, and on one of my trips I was asked by the president of the Merchants Association to see the manager of Cunard Steamship Company and find out why the fast steamers landed at New York and the slower, smaller craft, at Boston. I found the manager affable and willing to send faster steamers our way if the city of Boston would deepen and widen the harbor channel. The distance between European ports and Boston is over two hundred miles shorter than from those ports to New York—a great saving

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of time to both steamship company and business men. After a time the city of Boston undertook this work, but it took some years to complete it, and consequently we did not accomplish as great an improvement in the service as we wished.

My experience as a business man in Boston proved to me that public spirit in New England works slowly. They are willing to talk, but lack energy in acting. Contrary-wise, New Yorkers act quickly, and so have succeeded in getting both the best railroad connections and the best steamers to their ports. One of the largest merchants in New York told me, "New York people talk less and act more."

My study of railroad conditions in New England showed me that the breakdown of the New England railroads was largely caused by the merchants themselves, who lacked knowledge and foresight, and allowed personal dislike of officials to influence public interest. At the very time these merchants were ruining the New England railroads, a Russian came to Boston about establishing a steamship line, and was wined and dined by the Chamber of Commerce, who so short-sightedly were fighting their own railroads. As a result of these actions, the ports of New England have been reduced to the rank of mere fishing ports. This is now acknowledged by every one. I fought this at the time, but failed to convince them.

I have had many adventures in different cities in England, but my first experiences in those long-ago days of nearly starving and being used as a slave

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always made me sad when I returned to Liverpool or London. Naturally I was traveling on business, not for pleasure, but many things occurred outside purely business interests. One Sunday, going between Liverpool and London, a clergyman got into my compartment, who used the time reading the Bible, with interruptions of taking out his whiskey bottle and drinking, returning to his Bible-reading at once. This continued during all the trip, to my amusement and amazement.

On one of my ocean trips, we had several clergymen of different denominations, and we became well acquainted. They asked where I was to stop in London, telling me where they were to be, which was a strictly temperance hotel on Southampton Road, London. One evening I called to see them at this temperance house. It proved to be a large boarding-house. As I rang the bell, a very large man opened the door. As I inquired for the clergymen, I noticed he could neither keep straight on his feet, nor move his tongue, and his breath was heavy with whiskey fumes. I found he was the proprietor of the "strictly temperance hotel." Some of my traveling companions happened to be in, so I saw them and told them the condition of their landlord, and we had much fun over the incident.

CHAPTER XXII

ACQUAINTANCE WITH GLADSTONE AND OTHERS

I HAD an open invitation to call on Gladstone and James Bryce whenever I was in London, and I often embraced the opportunity. Through them I met John Bright and other noted men in the Government circles. At one time, when calling on Mr. Gladstone, he asked me whither I was bound on my Eastern trip. I told him I was going to Egypt, Turkey and Persia. This was a few years after the Araby Pasha incident. At that time there was much criticism and jealousy on the part of France, particularly against the English, on account of their control of the Egyptian Government. The French Government was instigating a native rebellion against the English. Mr. Gladstone asked me if I would not spend a little more time in Egypt in order to find out whether this dissatisfaction on the part of the natives was general, or only the result of a political movement.

I spent nearly a month in Egypt and talked with both business men and laborers. Also, I interviewed some politicians. The result of these talks was a definite feeling in my mind that laborers and business men preferred British control, especially under Lord Cromer, as they were more sure of the returns of their labor. A very different thing from the days

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under Egyptian rule, when men worked on public improvements like slaves with no wages. Also the conduct of the courts of justice was so greatly improved under English rule. Lord Cromer had an English justice sit on the bench with every Egyptian judge, not to render decisions, but to listen to all testimony and decisions. If in his mind he felt the case unjustly decided, he reported the facts to Lord Cromer, who ordered the case reopened.

On my return to London I called again on Mr. Gladstone and made my report, telling him that with the exception of the political ring under the thumb of French and other European powers, I found general satisfaction with British control, and in my opinion it would be a disaster to the common people of Egypt for the English Government to withdraw from that country. Mr. Gladstone told me my observations coincided exactly with reports from other disinterested sources, and thanked me for my efforts. In these conversations, he always inquired about the Armenian situation in Turkey, and always expressed his sympathy with the Christians. He renewed his cordial invitation for me to feel free to call on him at any time in London.

In my business of importing goods made in Eastern countries I was sometimes forced to buy of middlemen, but preferred always to deal directly with the makers. Once I had to buy certain Indian wares from a merchant in London, who imported them from India. It happened this man wanted certain Japanese goods which I imported direct from

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Japan. He wanted to know my source of supply, and I wanted to know the source of his Indian importations. He invited me to lunch with him. Many large establishments in England have their private dining-rooms where luncheon is served, and it was to such a room I was asked. I found the table set with six kinds of wines; the bottles ranged around my plate as well as my host's. As we talked he urged the wine upon me, drinking himself. Wary of his game, I merely sipped while he drank. Soon he had drunk more than he meant to, and his tongue was loosened, with the happy result for me that I found out where he bought his goods, and still kept the secret of where I obtained mine. Nevertheless, the end of the incident formed a very happy friendship between us, and when he became Lord Mayor of London I was always a welcome visitor at his office and at his country estate; and at this very day I wear a pair of cuff buttons of exquisite Indian workmanship presented to me by him. He frequently referred to the luncheon incident, enjoying the joke on himself. Once he related the following: "It takes six Greeks to cheat a Jew, and it takes six Jews to cheat an Armenian." He was a Hebrew and I am Armenian.

One of the pleasant happenings of my business travels was my presence in London during Queen Victoria's Jubilee in the fiftieth year of her reign. I was also there at her "Diamond Jubilee," and at her funeral. On these occasions the sight of all those rulers was almost awe-inspiring, but I must

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admit that, seen singly, they looked quite like ordinary humanity. In all my travels in the world I have found the most wealth and generosity in England and America; but also in these countries I found the most drunkenness and general wickedness.

Like most travelers, whether for business or pleasure, I have spent much time in France. Comforts are many there, but the American's love of heat in their apartments is not understood, as a rule. At one time I was in Paris with my family, and at the hotel I asked for two heated rooms. I took the smaller myself, which had a small radiator, but in the larger one no sign of any heating was to be found. I rang for the bellboy and told him there was no heat in that room. He walked over to the wall and putting his hand on it, said, "Here, sir, is heat." The chimney went up through that wall.

The custom of charging for lights is a petty graft, irritating to our free-lighting ideas. Once there were a pair of candles on the mantel, which I did not use, nevertheless they were replenished each day. When I realized that, I took the candles each morning and put them in my bag. When I left the hotel the usual line of servants was there for *pourboires*. I had filled my pockets with the non-used candles, and as I went past the waiting line I handed each one a candle.

It was in Paris that I had the pleasure of meeting Nubar Pasha, an Armenian by birth, who was considered the wealthiest man in Egypt. He had much to do with building the Suez Canal, with Ismail

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Pasha, Khedive of Egypt, and also with building the railroad from Alexandria to Cairo. He was a large landowner in Egypt, consequently when the engineers surveyed for the road he ordered it built in a series of snake-like curves, so it would touch his land at all points. Nubar Pasha was called one of the shrewdest diplomats in Egypt, and his influence was largely responsible for the upbuilding of modern Egypt. In Europe he was respected or hated or feared, according to the interests involved, but all recognized he worked for the welfare of his country. At a hotel I met the man known as the "Rockefeller of Russia," M. Mantachof, a Russian Armenian, who had control of the oil wells in the Caucasus and on the Caspian Sea. The oil ran into the sea. For centuries this had been known, but no commercial use had been made of it.

It was said in ancient times it sometimes became ignited, and the sight of water apparently burning had been considered a manifestation of "deity," and was the origin of fire worship.

While calling on both Mr. Mantachof and Nubar Pasha one day I asked them if, in their positions as the wealthiest Armenians, they could not use their influence to relieve the horrible conditions of the Armenians in Turkey. This was after the massacres of 1895 and 1896. They told me it was untimely for the Armenians to rise then; that the leaders were irresponsible men; but if the Armenians were wise they would try to live peaceably with the Turks. Later on I will take up these massacres more fully.

CHAPTER XXIII

VARIOUS TRAVEL INCIDENTS

OFTEN in traveling to Constantinople I went overland via Vienna, and stopped there. I had always been greatly annoyed by the petty inquisitiveness of the customs officers, so one year I decided to get even with them. I took an empty trunk among my luggage and stuffed it full—as full as I could pack it—of crumpled newspapers. Arriving at the border, I handed the key to this trunk with my other luggage to the officials. When they saw the papers they were sure valuables were concealed in that trunk somewhere, so they laboriously opened up those papers, and in the end, of course, found nothing. The looks which came my way would have scorched had the day not been so cold. The law compels the customs men to repack luggage if unpacked in search, so you can imagine their feelings when I compelled the repacking of all that paper to the last scrap.

Going from Berlin to Odessa, I stopped off at Warsaw, spending two or three days. When I wished to go on I went to the railroad station to buy my ticket; the station agent tried to tell me something about my ticket which I could not understand. He first used Polish, then German, then Russian, and still I could not get his meaning. Putting his hand on the ticket so I could not take it, he

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addressed the waiting passengers behind me, asking if any one there could speak English. A man at once came forward, translating for the ticket agent, telling me I must change cars at a certain junction for Odessa. The contrast between that and the nearly brutal manner of railroad men in America with foreigners who fail to understand English was so marked I have never forgotten the incident, nor failed to blush for my countrymen when hearing the tones used by many of our ticket men to poor dazed immigrants who do not understand.

On my way to Odessa two men were in the compartment with me who were greatly interested in me and my possessions. When the train stopped at a station I would get out and walk on the platform. One man would get out and walk near me, the other I noticed would pick up the book I had been reading. Evidently I had struck the ever-present Russian spy system. This was my first experience with it. I found travel in Russia unpleasant from this constant surveillance. Not only your luggage, but your pockets were examined. They went on the principle of every man guilty until proven innocent.

Arriving at Odessa, I went to a hotel, and found I must give up my passport to the clerk and wait until it was returned from the police department before I could even be assigned a room. When the clerk decided I could stay I was given the usual foreigner's card to fill out, with its questions as to my name, business, father's name, mother's maiden name, grandparents' names, where I intended going,

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what my business was in Russia, and if I knew any one in the country. After the formalities, the clerk posted on a blackboard outside the entrance my name, number of my room, and my home address. This was done that the police, if they found the information given was incorrect, could go straight to the guest's room and take him away without notifying the hotel management. A hotel proprietor told me that often they never heard anything more of that particular guest.

Odessa is on the Black Sea, the greatest shipping port in Russia, from the great grain plains from Warsaw to Odessa, they bringing their produce there for shipment.

On another trip I went from Berlin to Moscow. My traveling companion this time was a most agreeable gentleman, highly educated and traveled. We had interesting talks. When we arrived at the border this man got a porter to take my luggage with him through the customs, and to my astonishment it was passed without examination. His route lay in a different direction, so we parted there and exchanged cards. I then found I had had the honor of traveling with a general of the Russian Army.

Arriving at Moscow, I went to a hotel where "English was spoken." After the usual filling out of the police cards I made arrangements for bed linen, towels and soap—these never being supplied by the hotel, for the real Russian carries his own. I went out for a walk, getting my first view of the shops. Two men were also gazing into shop windows, and

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I noticed they were speaking English. Presently I heard one say to the other, "If I could find a man in this d—— town who could speak English I would treat him to the best dinner the hotel could give." At once I walked up to him and said, "I'll accept the treat." They happened to be New York business men, and during the dinner we found we had many mutual friends, which made it pleasant for us all, and we went about together as long as they remained in Moscow. I established a connection there with a tea merchant, also with a dealer in the carved and painted wooden bowls and small articles that are so unique. This proved to be the most profitable branch of my business.

I visited the Fair at Nijni Novgorod, where I found more languages spoken than at the Tower of Babel. This was the meeting place of all peoples from the East and West, the Eastern people predominating, with their hand-made wares. Naturally this made it one of the most interesting fairs in the world. It was there I found that cotton could be, and was, raised in marketable quantities in Siberia. The silks were especially beautiful, which came from India, China, Japan, Central Asia and Persia. Trade in the fair, even at the prices then prevailing, amounted to many hundreds of millions of dollars.

Through a fellow-countryman I ran against police red tape in St. Petersburg. This American was returning home after a trip, including Constantinople, and his most treasured possession was his kodak. On his way to the railroad station he lost

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this kodak and he asked my help to find it. He wanted to enlist the police and to advertise. I advised against both—the police because of the inevitable delay, the advertisement because so few of the ordinary people could read. I told him to *forget* his loss and go home—advice he refused to take. Finally we went to the police, and for three hours we were pestered with questions, the answers to which were written down. That kodak was described in the minutest detail; every place that it had been used was noted. There could not have been another article lost that would have interested the police more. They were sure that fortifications had been photographed. Finally we were both put under surveillance and sent back to the hotel for further investigation. The kodak, if found, was never returned, and had it not been for my friendship with some Russian Armenian officials there is no knowing what might have been done with us. As it was, we were kept four days, and I was glad to see my troublesome fellow-countryman off for Berlin, which left me a little more free to go about my business.

Whenever I went to Russia I made it a point to visit the churches, monasteries and educational institutions. In this I was aided by my friends among Russian officials, so that I had entrance to the treasuries or vaults under the churches, which were only known to the higher class of clergy. There I saw the most wonderful manuscripts set with precious and semi-precious jewels. The vessels used

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in the services were numerous and costly; candlesticks, lamps and icons were solid gold encrusted with jewels. The wealth represented was enormous and the work artistic and priceless. Even the vestments of bishops and priests had gold threads woven in them and were embroidered with jewels. The bishop's mace was just a mass of jewels, set thick in the gold. Many of these rich appurtenances were used only for special feasts. The wealth of the people was left to and stored by the Russian church. The common people were ignorant and superstitious, and it naturally followed they gave their possessions to the church as a way of salvation.

In the Kazan Cathedral a prayer-book was shown me of exquisite workmanship. The center jewel—the best one—was gone, and the custodian told me how it was lost. A man going through the cathedral saw the book and came again, asking to worship it. They allowed him to do so, but first tied his hands behind his back. In his worship he kissed the book. Later the jewel was missed, and then the custodian knew the kiss was only to permit his teeth to pull out the stone from its setting. The man disappeared and the stone was forever lost.

All this wealth and beauty is inside the churches and cathedrals. The buildings are usually very plain on the outside, with the exception of the lighted icons on the four corners of the building and one over the entrance. The lighted icon is intended as a reminder for the faithful to cross themselves as they pass. I found it amusing and pathetic to have

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my half-drunken droske driver always cross himself in passing a church icon. These icons were found in other places than churches. They were found in all Government offices, even in bar-rooms and on the street corners, so the "faithful" were kept crossing themselves all the time.

The most beautiful churches in Russia were in Moscow. The Kremlin, that remarkable combination of fort and church and monastery, I found most interesting. When one entered the main gateway an icon was found on either side and soldiers stationed on guard. If a visitor failed to cross himself he was not permitted to enter, so I had to cross myself to get in. Inside the walls were the monastery with its many churches, the palace where usually the Czar's brother lived, a barracks and a drilling ground. The great bell of Moscow, cracked and useless, and many other bells were mounted on low belfries on the ground. The bells gave out peculiarly fine tones. They were formerly rung not only to call people to church service, but to rally the faithful to the fort and to warn the people of invading tribes. The Kremlin is really a citadel built on high rock foundation, three sides of which are almost perpendicular precipices. On the one approachable side a wall several feet thick protected it. The churches are the oldest in Russia, and underneath there are wonderful vaults which were full of priceless treasures. Gold is freely used in the decoration of the inside walls.

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Officials told me the wealth contained in these vaults was enormous, and I always felt if Russia wished to carry on a many years war, she had the means right there. It is pathetic to see that this very wealth has proved Russia's undoing. The Bolshevik has looted this treasury and used the proceeds not only for its purposes at home, but to send immense sums to pervert other nations, our own included. One of the sad results is the loss of all religion by the Munjiks, the Bolshevik desecrating the churches and forbidding the worship of icons, and not being punished by God for these acts has taken all faith away from the humble, superstitious peasant. The immense church possessions in buildings and land were confiscated, just as private estates were confiscated. When the Near East Relief wanted to send refugees to Russia, they were told they could come and bring horses and cattle, but they could not buy land and must pay the Government one hundred dollars a head for the privilege of settling on Government land.

CHAPTER XXIV

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I visited Smyrna in 1879, and was there many times later. It is a noted center for dried fruit, wheat, wool, and rugs. These articles were brought from the interior on the backs of horses, camels and mules. Every morning it is a great sight to see the caravans entering the city and the ships loading at the harbor. Kemal Pasha (in no way related to the man who now bears that name) was Sultan Hamid's Prime Minister and right-hand man when he first ascended to the throne. Kemal was of Hebrew extraction, but was brought up by Turks. He was Governor-General of the Smyrna vilayet, more faithful to his sovereign than a born Turk, but unfortunately political intrigues in Constantinople disgraced him in the eyes of Sultan Hamid, so the Sultan wanted to send him as Governor of Damascus.

Being sent to Damascus as governor meant a practical exile. Kemal, however, was backed by the English Government, so he was finally sent to Smyrna. Later this intrigue increased against him. His enemies did not want him so near Constantinople, and they prevailed upon the Sultan to remove him forcibly to Damascus. Then it was that Kemal took refuge in the English Consulate. After some consultation he was finally restored as Governor-General of Smyrna. Kemal was highly educated

and spoke several languages. As far as I could judge, he was a just man.

At one time when I was calling at Kemal's office I noticed a mullah, with his green turban on, sitting in the office counting his prayer-beads. He did not speak, but listened and watched all said and done. He was a spy sent by the Sultan, under the influence of that group of Kemal's political enemies in Constantinople. As I was leaving, Kemal Pasha got up and walked across the room with me, speaking in Turkish to me in order that the spy should know my visit had no secret significance. But he inserted in English one phrase, "Come to my house tomorrow night." I did as he requested and we had a confidential talk. He told me that he understood perfectly that the mullah had been sent from Constantinople to spy upon him and was sending back daily reports of all that took place in his office. Then he made this prediction, "If this state of affairs keeps up, Sultan Hamid's reign is headed for destruction"—a prophecy which came true in a few years. But before the young Turks gained control of the Government, Kemal Pasha was once more made Prime Minister, as the Sultan found his faithfulness to be deeper than that of any of his advisers. The Young Turks party also realized his worth and tried to keep him in power, but he was not willing to become one of a party of destructionists, and therefore withdrew from them and died a nearly heart-broken old man eighty-five years of age.

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My acquaintance with Kemal Pasha started in 1894, when a rich Austrian Hebrew merchant, Polako, introduced me to him. Polako was a dealer in Oriental rugs, with the largest business of the kind in the country. Like all successful men, he had many other interests which brought him in contact with Government officials, and he became a great friend of Kemal. I had met Polako's son in Chicago at the Exposition, and when he came to Boston had entertained him at my home. On my next trip to Smyrna, where he lived, I was taken to his home, where I met his father, and began doing business with him. I had been dealing with other firms and found his prices slightly higher. He told me that others would raise their prices on various pretexts when the deals were completed, while he would neither raise nor lower his from the price he named. I found what he said was correct. He had met the price of the other firms, and when I came to complete the deals with the other firms they found excuses for raising their terms. I at once went to him and told him I would not take advantage of his offer. The others had raised, so he could raise his to equal theirs. He was a large and fatherly looking man, and he put his arm around my shoulders and told me his delight at meeting an honorable business man. But he did not change a price once named, no matter what the others did. We were firm business friends from that day.

There is one more incident I want to relate about Kemal Pasha. An Armenian young man came to

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this country and lived in Kansas City, Missouri, and joined the Masons. He had his picture taken in Mason's regalia and had sent some of his pictures to his mother and brothers, who lived in the outskirts of Smyrna. Somehow Turkish police found the pictures and they immediately arrested the brothers on the pretense that their brother in America had become a soldier, and on his return might instigate a rebellion in Turkey. At that time Mr. Madden was American Consul. He was a thorough American. The Masonic Order in Kansas heard this, made representations to the State Department, and the State Department communicated with the Consul, Mr. Madden, instructing him to use all his influence to get the brothers out of prison. Consul Madden worked on the problem over a year without success. While I was calling on the Consul (he knew that I was acquainted with the Governor-General, Kemal Pasha), he asked me to use my friendly influence with the Governor-General to free those young men.

I called on Kemal Pasha on some pretext and incidentally mentioned the case, explaining to him what the uniform was. He smiled and said, "I am a Mason, and I know all about the regalia; but the trouble is with our officials, who are ignorant and not broad-minded, who are always anxious to find some excuse to punish Christian people, though innocent." I asked him if it would not be possible for him to find a way to free these young men. He told me that if the case had not been made an inter-

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national question, he might have done so; but now the matter lay with the Constantinople authorities. However, he requested me, without mentioning his name, to tell the Consul to drop the matter, and inform the American Ambassador to keep quiet for a while, and he would see what he could do. I arranged with the Consul and the matter was apparently dropped. Inside of a month those men were out of prison and advised to leave the country at once.

I might say right here that many of the delays in settlement of international questions are caused by lack of knowledge in our own Government in ways of dealing with foreign countries diplomatically. The above case is a fair sample. If the matter had been approached from a different angle, the men would have been out of prison long before and our part in the matter would not have looked so ignoble. My close touch with the Turks and thorough knowledge of Turkish diplomacy has convinced me that many of our difficulties with Turkey could have been settled amicably; but as it is, there are many disputes still hanging fire.

Curious incidents of Government interference are common. Once a Turkish official was sent from Constantinople to Smyrna as a spy on the police system. He sailed on a French steamer, and during the voyage was convinced he was on a hazardous errand. He landed in Smyrna and found his suspicion of his position was correct, so he took passage on another French steamer for Constantinople, and

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en route thought the matter over and decided his life would not be safe if he landed in Constantinople because he had returned without Government leave. On arrival at Constantinople he immediately bought and paid for his ticket to Marseilles, and refused to leave the steamer. The authorities tried to force his landing, but the French captain refused to give up his passenger, and the matter was taken up by the French Ambassador and the steamer was allowed to sail.

On arrival at Smyrna, through Constantinople authorities, the Smyrna officials did everything they could to get this man to land, but failed. One of his friends in Smyrna, being in league with the Government, carried to him a telegram purporting to come from his wife. He went in a little landing boat and tried to get the man to come down the steamer's ladder for the telegram. At first he refused to go down, but finally did descend, depending on his friend's word that it was a real telegram. Two boatmen were rowing his friend's boat. They also were in the pay of the Turkish authorities. As soon as the passenger came down, all three of these men knocked him into the little boat and rowed with him to shore and carried him to prison. Soon after this the captain got into his launch and rowed across to the French Consul's. The French Consul immediately went to the Governor-General, demanded the passenger, and notified the Governor that every hour the steamer was detained, the Government would be liable for fifty thousand francs. Finally

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the man was taken back to the steamer, delivered to the captain, and the steamer sailed.

The following morning a French man of war sailed into the harbor, demanded one hundred thousand francs for the delay of the steamer, and it was paid by the Turkish authorities, and the man of war sailed away.

On the information of a friend of mine as to what was occurring, the whole incident I watched from my hotel window, which overlooked the harbor. The representations that were made by the French Consul and the captain, and the arrival of the man of war on the following day were related to me by one of the secretaries of the French consulate. I could not help admiring the French diplomacy.

CHAPTER XXV

CONSTANTINOPLE SOCIALLY

CONSTANTINOPLE is a city in which I have always wanted to live, because of its beauty; and in fact at one time when Mrs. Bogigian was with me she was so charmed with the sights of the city that she wished me to buy a home there. We decided on a stone villa on the Heights of the Bosphorus, from which we could see miles east and west, and the Bosphorus at our feet. I negotiated for that place for nearly two years, and the deal was made with the owner, but when it came to the title passing from the owner to me we struck a very solid snag, namely, that the Turkish law would not allow a foreigner to hold title to real estate. Consequently we abandoned the idea of making a home in Constantinople. As I look back now, I feel thankful that the deal did not go through, because of the political conditions there.

Mr. Polako, Sr., of Smyrna, had two daughters—one married to one of the secretaries of the Sultan, and the other to the personal physician of the Sultan. They were both Hebrews. Mr. Polako was very kind to give Mrs. Bogigian letters of introduction to his daughters, and we found afterwards that he had telegraphed to them also. The day after our arrival in Constantinople, where we stopped at the Pera Palace Hotel, the physician's wife called on

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Mrs. Bogigian, and later on the secretary's wife also came. Both offered their services to Mrs. Bogigian to take her to the homes of high-class Turks, Armenians and Greeks. This privilege is very rarely extended to foreigners. For nearly three weeks her time was filled every day with making and receiving visits among these people, even going to the Palace and being introduced to the wives and families of the Sultan, as well as the families of the Government ministers. Our Ambassador at that time was Mr. Leishman, and Mrs. Leishman told Mrs. Bogigian that they had lived in Constantinople for several years, yet failed to get into the homes of these people and meet the families as Mrs. Bogigian had, even though Mr. Leishman was the Ambassador. Mrs. Bogigian found that in every home, Turkish, Armenian or Greek, that the ladies spoke several languages and she had no difficulty in being understood.

We had the privilege of visiting the mosques, schools and the mint, which is of Byzantine origin. Among the mosques, we visited one whose exterior appearance was rather inferior. It was at the headwaters of the Golden Horn, and was originally a church established by Theodorus. As we entered the corridor the attendant, a mullah, drew back some sliding wooden doors, disclosing exquisite mosaic pictures of Christ and Saint Paul. Since pictures were forbidden the Mohammedan, they could not be in a mosque, but their respect for the art and beauty of these mosaics was so great they covered

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them from the eyes of the worshipers, but did not destroy the pictures, saving the art for the world. Usually they whitewash over the Christian pictures (as in St. Sophia), but in this instance they had not the heart to cover and perhaps ruin the beauty of the pictures. When we entered the main part of the mosque, we found that it had been whitewashed, but places where the whitewash had peeled off we could see outlines of pictures and Christian decorations. This is a mosque rarely seen by foreigners, only those being permitted to enter who are vouched for by officials. The mullah pulled up a trap door, which he said led all the way to St. Sophia, and that many of the old altars and church utensils were stored in this passageway.

The usual traveler hires a regular guide—who might be called a “licensed liar,” and who are usually Levantines—that product of all nationalities with the vices of all persisting, instead of virtues. We were fortunate to be assigned a Government official of education and historical knowledge, who acted as guide during our stay. Most travelers, particularly Americans, hire professional guides, whose object seems to be to fleece their patrons in their purchases, their sight-seeing, and even in the choice of hotels. These tourists, especially the women, always wish to see the home life of the city, and they ask if it wouldn’t be possible to see a wedding or a funeral, or some other event in a home. These guides have these events “on tap,” as it were. They demand a large sum for these special sights, and

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then proceed to show the curious tourist a fake wedding, or even a make-believe funeral. If a "wedding," a valuable gift, preferably money, must be given the "bride." Women are not the only ones sold in this manner. Men often ask for typical Oriental sights, and they, too, are taken to pre-arranged sights, which are really not Oriental at all, but acted mostly by discarded Europeans.

Constantinople is two distinct cities connected by the famous Galata Bridge—a pontoon bridge, over which pass more nationalities than pass over any other bridge in the world. If a man stands there for ten minutes he can hear nearly all the languages spoken in the universe. This is a toll bridge, and although the toll is small for each passenger, the total receipts are so great that it is given as security for Government loans. At the western end of the bridge is the old Byzantine city of Stamboul, and here are all the fortifications of olden times, the city walls, and the famous St. Sophia; the mint and all the Government offices and most of the famous mosques which were built after the Turks took the city. It is also the railway terminal, and most of the steamships land here. Here also one finds the oldest cemeteries of the Turks, with turbaned headstones. Stamboul is the place where all the Sultans and religious dignitaries are buried. The tombs are above ground, and over the mason-work you find beautiful shawls, rugs and embroideries. These cemeteries are usually enclosed in heavy and high iron fences.

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Stamboul is populated largely by Turks, with the poorer class of Armenians, Greeks and Persians. The wealthy among them reside in Pera, where the Europeans reside. Outside the walls of the old city is a farming and market garden section, and in these villages are the homes of some wealthy families who prefer living outside the city. Among those villages the most famous is Saint Stephano. In this village was signed the treaty between Russia and Turkey after the war of 1877-78. Here lived the very wealthy Armenian family of Krekor Bey, whose ancestors have resided here many years, and whose brother was long the assistant to the Minister of Foreign Affairs. The family was very influential, both politically and financially. His house was the headquarters of the Russian army. Here it was that the treaty between Russia and Turkey was signed. The highest decorations of both Governments were bestowed upon Krekor Bey for this service. This treaty ultimately was upset by England, and a congress of powers was convened in Berlin to make a new treaty. In this latter treaty was incorporated that famous "Article Sixty-three" that gave authority to England to see that the Christians in Turkey were properly treated. As a guarantee of good faith by Turkey, they gave to England the possession of the Island of Cyprus. Although England was one of the signatory powers and accepted the responsibility together with the Island, nothing came of this mandate, except that England still holds Cyprus, and the Christians have practically disappeared from the Turkish Empire.

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This was really the beginning of the harshness openly perpetrated by Turks upon the Christians, and England was a passive spectator. Haroutoon Pasha, brother of Krekor Bey, was one of the two principal representatives of Turkey in this Berlin Congress. Bismarck, pointing out Haroutoon Pasha to Lord Beaconsfield, said, "There, under a Turkish fez, goes the shrewdest diplomat in Europe."

The Eastern side of the Golden Horn is very hilly, and here is located Pera. In Pera live the wealthy foreigners, the high Turkish officials; all the Embassies and Consulates are here, as well as the beautiful homes of the wealthy Greeks, Armenians and Jews. Robert College crowns one of the beautiful hills, and the American College for Women another one. Both of these institutions represent millions of dollars of American capital. These two institutions are recognized by a Fermin of the Sultan as American Institutions, and at commencement at both colleges, the American Ambassador presides, to show that they are American Institutions. Also in Pera is the famous Yildiz Palace where Sultan Hamid resided. This is surrounded by a high solid wall some miles in length, enclosing gardens of great extent, going down to the Bosphorus.

Everyone who has visited Constantinople remembers the inevitable dogs. These dogs are tolerated because of the Turkish belief that a dead Turk comes back in the form of a dog. Dogs are prevalent both in Stamboul and Pera, but Pera has also the human female scavengers. Those wrecks of

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humanity, who have been discarded, exiled, banished from eastern Europe for their misconduct.

Constantinople is one of the few capitals in which America owns her Embassy. Before the Government bought it, the Embassy was housed in hired buildings necessarily inferior to the embassies of other countries. The false economy of our Government has hurt the standing of our representatives. Their salaries are small, and the allowance for office forces is so little that both Embassy and Consulate are obliged to hire inferior native help, which has brought, in many cases, disgrace upon our country.

On a visit to a Professor in Robert College, I had business which called me to cross the ferry to Stamboul. On the little steamer was a young American lady who was visiting some American missionaries. As she left the boat at a landing two young Englishmen who were sitting at my back made slurring remarks about her. I was angry at once and turning said to them, "She may be an easy young American but she knows enough to recognize a fool when she sees one." The reply was, "That is none of your business," and I told them I was an American citizen and they dropped the conversation.

That very afternoon I called at the American Consulate, and to my astonishment the first people I saw were these over-fresh young men, who were serving there one as Vice-Consul, and the other as clerk. I asked to see the Consul, and one of these young men stepped forward and said, "He is not in, but I am the Vice-Consul." At once I was angry again, and said to him, "*You*—the Vice-Consul,

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drawing pay from the American Government to protect American citizens, making slurring remarks about an American woman visiting here! You should be kicked out of this place, and I shall report you to the Consul," which I did. Then I found out the parsimony of our Government with its detrimental effects, for the Consul said to me, "We are allowed so small an amount for salaries that no American young man will come out to serve in these positions, so we are obliged to employ young men from this region who are accustomed to living cheaply."

All large European nations have diplomatic schools where young men are prepared carefully for work in foreign countries. If a young man entering diplomacy chooses a certain country for his life work, he is sent to that country to learn the language, customs, manners and laws, and then he is put into a Consulate as a clerk, from there he works up to the highest representative of his country. But we have no such custom, consequently our representatives are entirely strangers to the country they go to. Our appointments are not on account of merit, but political.* And they are obliged to depend entirely on native interpreters, secretaries and clerks, and are at their mercy. When an English Ambassador calls on the Sultan, the conversation is carried on through an interpreter, which is always the custom. But the Ambassador understands every word that is translated.

* *This has since been changed. All appointments are now made after examination. Only American citizens are eligible.*

CHAPTER XXVI

TRAVELING IN ASIA

EIGHTEEN hundred and eighty-six I was on my way to the Interior of Turkey, I called upon Lew Wallace, who was our Minister to Turkey, for advice about my journey. He at once discouraged me, giving as excuse that instructions from the United States Government are, never to get into any kind of entanglement with Turkey.

I felt much disappointed, for I was on a business trip, and I wished to go on. Finally I concluded to undertake the journey, feeling that my knowledge in dealing with the Turks, combined with my knowledge of the country would take me safely through.

Before I left Boston, a new rifle had been invented, and a company was formed to manufacture it. The president of the company, being a personal friend of mine, gave me a rifle, with a request to see if I could open a market. A large number of the cartridges as well as the rifles were in London, so my friend advised me to take the rifle only, and he would communicate with his agent in London, whose address he gave me, to give me a sufficient number of cartridges. While in London I tried to get the cartridges, but could not find the office of the agent open, anytime I called. Without wasting time, I went on to Constantinople, with the rifle without the cartridges. I had this gun with me in Constantinople when I decided to go to the interior.

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After landing in Trebizon on the Black Sea, I hired an interpreter and guide, and a man to do cooking and look after the horses. I purchased three horses. We started on our journey. The first important place on my journey was Erzingon where we spent a Sabbath. Very unfortunately I had spoken to my guide about the rifle, and at Erzingon he had told about the most wonderful rifle I had. When we left Erzingon for Erzeroom, after about two or three hour's journey, we reached the mountainous and rocky country, and we were set upon by robbers, with a view of getting the rifle; fortunately I had a cheap alarm clock which ticked very loudly, and I had it in my saddle bag. As two of them came to take the rifle from me, they heard the clock ticking and they listened a second, then started to run, calling out, "Shaton, Shaton!" as they ran they called to their companions, "Shaton, Shaton!" This word means Satan or Devil. In a few minutes they all disappeared. Evidently this ticking clock was a great protection to me.

When we arrived in Erzeroom I stayed there for a few days to visit friends, and there being no American Consul, the English Consul was looking after the interests of the Americans. I related my experience with the robbers, and for my safety he offered to get a "Bouroltou," which means an order from the Governor General of Erzeroom to the officers of the province to give me two soldiers as a protection. I started from Erzeroom with two

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soldiers, went to Moosh, resting there a couple of days, then started for Bitlis.

On the way I fell in with some Kurds, one of whom was the noted Kurd Musa Bey. This was the Musa Bey who had beaten and otherwise maltreated two missionaries. I was well acquainted with the case, because it had caused diplomatic representations between America and Turkey, but they could never "find" the man. When we got acquainted with each other he told me the story himself, and told me that he was Musa Bey who had maltreated the missionaries, and then gave the reason why he did it. Those two missionaries going from Erzeroom to Bitlis, some few years previous to this, had stopped at the house of this man's father. People who travel in those countries know well that there are no hotels, and strangers always are entertained by the head of the community, without charge. Musa Bey told me that when the missionaries came to their house, they made tea for themselves in the guest room. His father was present. As the missionaries drank the tea they never offered a cup to his father. This is contrary to the customs of the people, Musa Bey told me and he being present, considered it a great insult to his father. The following day as they were going, Musa Bey had taken a few of his retainers and gone ahead and waited for his father's discourteous guests outside the jurisdiction of this old man. As the missionaries came he and his companions set upon them and their servants; took them off their horses and gave them

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a good thrashing, tied their hands and feet together, and tied the horses to the trees and left them, without taking a single thing from them to show that it was punishment and not robbery.

Musa Bey was going to Bitlis, the same as I was. On arrival at Bitlis he went to the Governor General's house as his guest, and I went to the house of a friend of mine. I inquired of the missionaries when I saw them in Bitlis, about the Musa Bey incident, and they told me just about the same thing as Musa Bey had described. I got the same story from the servants. At his request I told the missionaries that Musa Bey was in the city. They telegraphed to the American Minister in Constantinople who notified the Turkish Government, and a telegram was sent to the Governor General of the Bitlis district. The Governor General telegraphed back that Musa Bey was not in Bitlis. This information was given to me by Musa Bey himself when I met him in Bitlis. This ignorance of custom on the part of the missionaries and similar instances, have caused a great deal of friction between the two countries.

From Bitlis I went to Van, from there started for Persia and Central Asia. I have found in my business that when I went to the sources of the goods dealt in and selected them for my trade, I could dispose of them more easily and readily. While I was buying goods in Van a Turk came with three pieces of embroideries and told me that he had got those from a woman, told me the price and that all

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he expected was a commission over and above the price. At first I did not believe him, but a friend of mine told me that the man was very trusty. So I took the embroideries, paid the price and gave him a little commission. Before he left he took off his turban, offered a prayer for my health, prosperity and safe journey back home, because I was generous with him. He said he would not do any more work for a whole week, because what he got was sufficient to keep him alive. I have never seen such a contented spirit.

There is one more incident I wish to mention during my journey after leaving Persia, and reaching Afghanistan, where some portions of the country are infested with robbers. At one point I was set upon by a band of robbers who stripped us, took our horses and even my shoes, and went some little way beyond to divide the loot. I began to realize the condition I was in, but in an instant the thought came to my mind that even the robbers have a code of honor. So I sent the interpreter to speak to the leader of the band, and ask him to come and see me. The man came and then I told him that I had come from America many thousands of miles away, "You have taken everything, even my shoes, I do not know the country, and I am entirely a stranger" and then I asked him if it is according to their code of honor to take everything away from me and leave me in the mountains. He thought it over, told my interpreter to wait a few minutes, and then he went where his companions were. After a consultation

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with his companions I noticed all of them coming towards me without their horses. And then the leader told me they do have a code of honor, and it was against it to leave a stranger in the defenseless condition I was in. Therefore they had brought everything they had taken from us, and handed them back to us, and he apologized adding, "From here on for some distance you will meet the same situation, therefore I will give you two of my best men to guide you through the dangerous section of the country."

So we started on our journey with his two men guiding us. At the end of the third day, the men told me that there was no more danger from there on. If I was willing they would like to return. I handed them some gold, but they would not accept it. This is an incident that may be a good example for civilized and Christian people who are in business for gain without moral obligations.

On this trip I went to the extreme end of Afghanistan. In one section of the country my interpreter had failed to provide us with white bread. When night came we were too far away from any town or village to stop for the night and we had to camp out, and my man called my attention to the fact that we had no bread. Looking around to see how far we were from any town, we discovered some shepherds grazing their flocks on the hills. I sent the interpreter to see if they had any bread. He brought back sheets of native bread, made of millet baked on flat round sheet iron, and also thick cream, and

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very delicious cheese. As I was very tired and hungry, I relished the evening meal, especially the millet bread, which when fresh is sweet. I asked the man to go and get more of the bread for the next day. He objected, saying, "You would not like it tomorrow when it is old." Having had no experience with millet bread I did not believe him and insisted that he should go for more. He brought it, and for breakfast the next morning I found that it had become so hard and tough it could not be chewed, or even soaked soft in water.

I found in travelling through Central Asia, that being courteous and pleasant to people, respecting their rights and customs, they always in turn respected mine. I found in Afghanistan that silk weaving on hand looms in their homes was so perfected that they could make yards of it so fine that when held up in the air it could float away. The dyes are singularly durable, being entirely from roots, berries, barks, etc. These dyes mellow but do not fade. The favorite color of the Afghans is red. You find in the rugs, silks and woolens this color predominates. Blue is the color of the Beloochistan as red that of the Afghanistan. Wherever I went in buying goods, if I did not know about the goods or the prices, I always told the dealers frankly that I knew nothing of them, and I was never cheated as a result.

As my time was limited I had to return to Constantinople, taking a shorter route, by way of the Northern Arabian Desert. With the exception of a

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very few old cities (mentioned in the Bible) the Arabs have no cities. They are a migratory people, living in tents. They are very kind and hospitable; strangers passing their way are entertained by the chief of the camp. I remember well when I went to one camp, the old biblical customs were in use—the Chief's servants met my party, conducted us to the camel's hair tent where he lived, helped us dismount, immediately bringing water in a basin and washing our feet, while other servants set about making coffee to refresh us. The best food, and the best accommodations were at our service. The old biblical adage of entertaining angels unawares is still a force among these peoples. This custom I found all over the route I followed. There are three things an Arab prizes, Mahomet, his family and his horse.

I arrived in Alexandretta, a port on the Mediterranean Sea, and took steamer for Constantinople; when I arrived there one of the first visits I paid was to Minister Lew Wallace. He began asking me news of America, not knowing that I had been months away from home. I told him I knew no recent news, for since my last call upon him I had been in Turkey, Persia, Afghanistan, Beloochistan, and Northern Arabia. He looked astounded, and asked if I had met with hardships en route. Nothing more than ordinary incidents of Oriental travel. I told him. He warned me as an American citizen to not take that trip again, but added, "I admire your

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pluck in doing it." After finishing my business in Constantinople and Smyrna I returned to Boston.

Later I took another trip, landing at Constantinople, and at that time the American representative was Mr. Terrell from Texas. The dragoman of the Legation was a typical Levantine. He had served many years in the English Embassy and while there had secured the secret code of the Embassy. Being a shrewd and unscrupulous man he had used this knowledge of the code to his own advantage, as a lever to get higher wages and more power over the English representative. This lasted until the new Ambassador came, one of the best diplomats the English ever had in the East. This Ambassador was loved and respected by all nationalities in Constantinople, except certain European diplomats and the Turkish Government. The dragoman thought he was going to use this Chief the same as he had his predecessors, but he found a new Ambassador of entirely different type. He tried to use his lever, intimating that he knew all that had been going on in the Embassy. This was too much for the thoroughbred Englishman. Then and there, that dragoman was dismissed. This man finally occupied the same position in the American Legation. He ruled the Legation with iron hand. Our Ministers were changed often, but he was retained through successive administrations. When I called on Mr. Terrell (I had been forewarned by both missionaries and business men that this dragoman would prevent my seeing him). I was ushered into his office. He met

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me pompously asking my business. I told him I wished to see Mr. Terrell. He informed me I could do my business with him, and asked for my letter from the State Department which I refused to give him. He insisted, and I made my refusal emphatic. I left, and as I was going out of his office, I struck my cane on the floor and raised my voice saying, "I am an American citizen, and by what right do you refuse to let an American citizen see the American Minister?"

Hearing this disturbance, Mr. Terrell came to the door of his office and asked what was the trouble. I explained and he invited me into his private office. I showed him my letter and he was very cordial, asking if there was anything he could do for me. I then told him of my contemplated trip to the interior, and asked if he could help me. He told me about the same thing Mr. Wallace had said, viz: not to have any entanglement with the Turkish Government.

The history of the over-bearing dragoman was told to me by Dr. Cyrus Hamlin, who had the entree to all the Legations in Constantinople, and was trusted by all, even the Turkish Government. This is another instance of American parsimony, not to train and employ Americans, but to get cheap help in their Governmental offices. Those who have traveled much will join with me in affirming that steamship companies or large business houses of no matter what nationality have their own trained

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clerks, never relying on native help. This applies not only to Turkey but to any foreign country.

After this experience with Mr. Terrell I made up my mind never again to apply for assistance to American Legations or Consulates, but to depend upon some gold and my personal knowledge of Eastern characteristics. This time I went only into the interior of Turkey. It was winter, and I had to encounter heavy snow storms in the mountains. I had with me, a personal friend from Constantinople, and one servant. Of course all travel was by horseback. My friend was familiar with the country, so we had no regular guide. One day we got into a snow storm in the mountains which culminated in a blizzard. Soon all notion of direction was gone, and we decided to stop for the night under a tree. We blanketed our horses, and tied their nose bags on, for the native horse can weather a storm so protected. Our coats were the nearly inch thick heavy felt travelling coats used in the mountains, and we rolled ourselves in those and lay down in the snow, leaving just a small opening for breathing. The following morning was clear, and we awoke to find ourselves but a few yards from the edge of a precipice. Even now when I recall that picture, it makes me shudder.

We continued our journey stopping at villages and cities purchasing goods when we found them, and at last came to Samsoon on the Black Sea, and from there sailed back to Constantinople.

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Experiences with Customs usually come in entering a country, but this time I had one in leaving Turkey. I had an American book with me which I had had all through my travels. A little "bakshish" had blinded the custom's officers all the way. Turkey is very particular that no books enter the country which have not been read by the censors, but when I went to take the steamer for home the customs interpreter found my book. He questioned me, and being himself of those Catholic Armenians educated in the French Catholic schools, decided to bother and delay a mere protestant Armenian, so he refused to look over the book and pass it, although the steamer was blowing its whistle, warning passengers to come on board. I begged him to hurry, but he said he was busy. So I rushed off to the collector's office and explained the situation. He sent for the censor and asked what was the trouble. The man replied he was too busy to read the book, which I assured both of them contained no seditious matter. At that the collector took the book from the man, gave it to me, and remarked, "One out-going book won't start a revolution in Turkey." And then called an officer to see me safely on board.

CHAPTER XXVII

PLEASANT TIMES IN EGYPT

AMONG my many trips to Egypt most pleasant and carefree times were spent on the steamers from Cairo to Assuan, just below the big dam. These are flat bottomed steamers of small draught as the Nile is often shallow. There are two kinds of boats—express steamers which carry passengers and freight, and the tourist boats which carry only passengers; the former is not a large boat and stops at all principal landings en route. For comfort and pleasure, my experience convinced me that the express boats were the better, for their frequent stops permitted better knowledge of the natives and their customs and manners. Often the natives came to the landings and sang and danced for their own and our pleasure.

On one of these trips I had Mrs. Bogigian and her sister with me. The steamer only accommodated thirty-four passengers. Among these were Austrians, Germans, French, English and Americans, and thrown closely together for several days it was interesting to see national traits in evidence. The English proved the most interesting to us. A physician and his wife from Manchester, and a Member of Parliament were among these. Both the men were very tall and thin. When we landed at places where we took donkeys to see the sights, beyond

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walking distance, some of us arranged that these two men should get unusually small donkeys. That necessitated riding with their legs drawn up. Mr. Member of Parliament complained that his donkey was too slow, so I told the donkey boy to prod him in the flank, at once the donkey jumped forward and to keep his balance the dignified Member of Parliament put down his feet, when the donkey shot forward leaving him standing on the sand with feet wide apart.

Later on the physician also found his donkey lagging behind. His was also prodded and went flying ahead. The physician being warned by the previous accident, clung to his donkey and kept his feet up for some distance, but in his struggle to keep on he evidently let them down, for presently his donkey was careening on ahead and he was lying on his back in the sand.

We found that the English felt they should have the best accommodations everywhere, because Egypt was under the British protectorate. The physician's wife was particularly jealous of her rights. She felt that Mrs. Bogigian had been assigned a larger cabin than hers, and one morning she took the sheet from her bed and measured the two rooms. Finding Mrs. Bogigian's six inches longer than her own she complained audibly and long, that an American should not have better accommodations than an Englishwoman.

Finally arriving at Assuan we found we must take either camels or donkeys to go to the dam. The Member of Parliament and the Doctor had no fur-

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ther use for donkeys, so they chose camels as their steeds. Both stood the trip to the dam, but were so sea-sick they debated about the return trip. The Member of Parliament decided he could walk, but the Doctor being a thrifty individual, concluded as he had paid for the round trip by camel he would ride. Half way back to Assuan he was so ill he fell off his camel, and later completed his journey on foot.

Among the Americans was a woman with a white poodle. The husband wanted a separate room, as he refused to sleep with a poodle dog, and the lady tried to induce some other lady to room with her, as staterooms were limited. She refused to give up her dog, and the result was that her husband slept on a mattress on deck.

When we arrived at Cairo we prepared to take steamer for Smyrna. This was after the first Armenian Massacre, and before leaving America I had taken unusual precautions. I had personally seen Senator Hoar, and he had taken the matter up with President Roosevelt. The latter, through Senator Hoar, had told me to notify the first American Consulate when I arrived, and had instructed the State Department to give me a special letter of introduction, and to send word to each American Representative in Turkey to look out for us. Then the President told Senator Hoar, if we followed instructions and trouble developed, that every American warship in that region would be sent to our assistance.

At the steamer I found Krekor Bey to whom I have referred before. He was returning to his home and fearful of his reception by the Turkish officials. When we arrived at Constantinople it was after sundown, when no boat is allowed to discharge its passengers. But the American Consulate boat with a Secretary and dragoman aboard had been permitted to come out to meet us, and Krekor Bey asked if I could not tell these men that he was a personal friend of mine, and ask that he be landed with us. This I did, and he and his luggage were transferred to the boat with us and taken to the customs house. His luggage passed with ours, and he took a carriage for his home. The next day he called on me to express his deep gratitude for my kindness. He told me I had perhaps saved his life, and I had surely saved him many days in prison. A few years previous to this, a man of Krekor Bey's standing would have been feared and respected by all classes, but since the massacres had begun, Turks held in suspicion any man of Armenian origin. Up to eighteen hundred and ninety-four, the time of the first large massacre, he had had the entree to the Sultan's presence at any time, and was treated as any Turkish diplomat or high official. I had never realized the full meaning of the disturbance between Turks and Armenians until I saw this highly respected, talented man, eighty-two years old, who had, for more than half a century, been the trusted advisor of the Turkish Government now almost an outcast. Not long after that, he died a heart-broken man.

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I have been asked by editors of some of the influential newspapers in New York, Boston and Chicago to give my view gained through personal contact with both sides, of this controversy, which has shocked the entire world, and brought disgrace to Christianity and civilization.

CHAPTER XXVIII

INSIDE VIEW OF THE ARMENIAN MASSACRES

THE old saying is just as true now as when it was first said, "A fool throws a stone into a well, but it takes forty wise men to get it out." This applies very clearly to the beginning of the troubles between the Turks and Armenians. There was a time when these two peoples lived peaceably together, and they trusted each other. The Turkish Government had full confidence in the honesty, integrity and loyalty of the Armenians. At that time the Armenians enjoyed as much liberty as any subject nation could have expected. The Armenians occupied the highest positions of trust; in fact, the financial affairs of Turkey were under their management. If the Turks wanted to send a confidential agent to a foreign country, they invariably chose an Armenian. Whenever the Government got into financial straits they called upon Armenian financiers to put them back on a sound basis. This was acceptable to both the European loaners and to the borrowers.

In matters of diplomacy they always selected Armenians to represent Turkey. It was a general feeling on the part of the Turks that the Armenians were more faithful to them than any other subject races, such as Greeks, Jews, Syrians, Kurds and Arabs.

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Among the wealthy class of Turks it was the common practice to employ Armenians as managers, even treasurers of their wealth. This was also true among foreign banks and business offices. Even Sultan Hamid, until he was deposed, had put all his wealth in the hands of these people. It was commonly reported that when he was in exile his business was still managed and controlled by Armenians. For centuries the Treasurer of the Exchequer was an Armenian, not only in the central government, but also in the vilayets.

A noticeable change came at the beginning of the Turkish-Russian war in 1877 and 1878. This war added to a decided jealousy already existing among European powers, and they began to undermine the confidence of subject nations under Turkish rule. This very thing was definitely stated at the Lausanne Conference by Ismet Pasha, Turkey's chief representative, who openly charged the European nations with interference of this nature, by creating racial and religious animosities which ultimately brought on the massacres. I fully appreciate the truthfulness of this statement by Turkey's representative.

This same condition was seen in the Bulgarian trouble; and when Turkey was about to declare war against Bulgaria, it is said the English Ambassador called upon the Turkish Minister of Foreign Affairs to dissuade the Government from such an enormous undertaking. The Turkish Minister told the Ambassador that they would go to war and let the English bury the dead. The meaning of this

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was that England had instigated the uprising in Bulgaria, and the Turks, rather than lose the province, would fight to retain it.

The key to the Eastern situation was in the hands of the Turks. Turkey, knowing the jealousy between England and Russia, played those nations against each other to her own advantage, thereby establishing herself more strongly in both Europe and Asia.

Just after the first massacres (1895-6) I called on the Minister of Foreign Affairs in Constantinople, who happened to be the one of whom I have spoken in Chapter V—the man who tried to start a model farming proposition with me. In conversation, I suggested that it might be policy to adopt more conciliatory measures towards their Christian subjects, as in doing so they would win the united respect of the European nations and of America. His reply was, "Our policy is to keep them divided against each other; by doing so we will hold the balance of power and dictate the policy of Europe." It was only a conversation between us, but the last developments of the World War settlement proved it to be a prophecy. This conversation took place more than twenty years before Ismet Pasha, at the Lausanne Conference, dictated to the European powers where they should "sign on the dotted line."

During this conference, Russia was out of the running; Germany was on her knees; Austria's wings were clipped, and only Italy, France and England were left to be dealt with. These three powers were

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openly divided against each other—which was Ismet Pasha's opportunity.

For a century or more Russia had been seeking a year-round port, as hers were frozen for half the year. She wished to go either through the Black Sea and the Dardanelles to the Mediterranean, or across Asiatic Turkey to the Mediterranean. From the first route, namely, the Black Sea route, she was barred by the Berlin Treaty, which gave power to Turkey to fortify the Dardanelles or other strategic points to prevent war vessels of all nations going in or out of the Black Sea. This was understood to be a European combination against Russia, to prevent her getting out with any war vessels. But secretly, the fortifications were "modernized," first under Russian strategic engineers, later by Germans, but still Russia could not get out. The only ways left for Russia to get out were either through Asiatic Turkey to the Mediterranean, or through Persia to the Persian Gulf. The Russian agents worked very diligently in both directions. In Turkey they worked through the Armenians, trying to make them dissatisfied with Turkish rule, inciting Armenian uprisings, promising protection by the Russian Government.

In the meantime they sent Russian Armenians to Turkish Armenia; these went in bands of ten or twenty, not as Armenians, but as Russians; instead of harming the Turks they oppressed the Armenians, for two reasons; first to have published in the newspapers, in Russia, that the Turks were oppress-

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ing the Armenians, and through this to unite all Armenians to protect themselves, with the "confidential" information that if they should arise, Russia would back them; secondly, to give the impression in Europe that Christians under Turkish rule were being oppressed.

These statements were made to me by some of those "bands" in Moscow in eighteen hundred and eight-eight, while I was visiting there. This was the beginning of the Armenian revolutionary movement.

When the Turkish Government found out about those bands, they made representations to the Russian Government, and to the signatory powers of the Berlin treaty, and Russia withdrew them.

To my knowledge, and the statements of other intelligent Armenians, the English Government never resorted to such tactics, as it was against her own interests to instigate a rebellion in Turkey, which would have given Russia just what she desired.

In eighteen hundred and eighty-four, when on a visit to Van, I got acquainted with the Russian Consul. When he found that I was an American citizen and in business in America, he confidentially disclosed a plan that the Russian Government had, and showed me a map, which was a direct line from the Caucasus to the Mediterranean Sea, which his government intended ultimately to establish by conquest or treaty with European powers to dismember Turkey.

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One of our American newspapers at one time had a cartoon representing the signatory powers as dogs sitting in a circle, and in the middle was a bone representing Turkey. That was about the condition of affairs, no one caring to make the first advance.

Turkey was always considered "the sick man of Europe," but the World War reversed his condition.

This revolutionary idea was spread among the Armenians, particularly by papers printed in the Armenian tongue, published both in Europe and in this country, and circulated secretly in Turkey. This proved to be suicidal to the nation. The Armenians depending upon the real or imaginary promises of Europe, contrary to the advice of their real and true friends, kept up their revolutionary propaganda, the headquarters of which was Boston, Massachusetts. They began to hold meetings and invite Americans to address them, and they formed a Society called "Friends of Armenia"; few in number but very noisy, yet without any practical knowledge of the situation.

To one of those meetings Dr. Cyrus Hamlin, two other Americans, and myself were invited. Dr. Hamlin spoke feelingly against the revolutionary movement. The other guest spoke against it, as I also did. In this meeting a young man jumped up in his seat, put his hand in his pocket, and, addressing me, said, "You are an Armenian, and if you insist upon discouraging this movement I will shoot you." Fortunately some of his friends who were near him prevented his carrying out his threat, by taking the

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revolver from him. Many years after, I happened to be in a Western city and found this same young man was a prosperous business man there, I called on him, and when he recognized me he took both my hands and apologized for his threat in that meeting, saying, "Mr. Bogigian, you were right and I was wrong."

This rebellious attitude was exhibited in Turkey by hot-headed Armenians who assassinated some of the leading Armenians in Constantinople and in the interior, who were not in sympathy with their movement. Even plans were made to assassinate some of the American missionaries, in order to involve this country with Turkey. I can safely say that I know of no American missionary who ever encouraged these men. These revolutionists threatened many prominent Armenians in this country, and actually did assassinate some.

The Armenians who really loved their Country were opposed to this movement for several reasons, such as their unpreparedness; the geographical position of the land; the fact that they were scattered; that they had no training in military tactics; and had no level-headed leaders.

Once Gladstone, during the Bulgarian trouble, had said, "without bloodshed there is no liberty," and these Armenians took that sentence literally, without considering the position of Bulgaria, and its difference from that of Armenia in Asiatic Turkey. Bulgaria was in Europe, connected with all the rest of Europe by railroads; this was not the case with

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Armenia, which was in Asia, without railroads, or even military roads. Lord Bryce, who was the undisputed friend of Armenians, told me that the Armenians could not, and ought not, to depend upon England for physical protection; therefore he advised them time and again to desist from uprisings. He gave as a reason that Europe had never been united concerning the Eastern question.

There was a time during the massacres of eighteen hundred and ninety-five when the Russian government approached England about an understanding to relieve the appalling condition of the Armenians. No action was taken on this communication for three months. When England did answer, Russia replied that it was too late as another pact had been made—meaning a pact with Turkey. This statement is taken from the Duke of Argyle's book written after the massacres, and his information was taken directly from Foreign Office files.

This pact between Russia and Turkey was said to be that Russia should keep all European interference away from Turkey, and in return Russia was to be permitted free passage through the Dardanelles, making it almost impregnable. At that time news despatches from Constantinople reported that there were seventy-two English ships of war lying at the mouth of the Dardanelles, not being allowed to pass through—England as usual adhering to her treaty obligations.

Later on the German Emperor made a pact with Turkey and took over these fortifications under Ger-

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man strategists, and also drilled the Turkish Army under German generals. All these trained troops and fortifications were used later, during the World War, and under German officers.

During Sultan Hamid's administration he selected bright young Turks and sent them to Germany to be educated in military tactics. The Chief of Police and Secret Service was one of those young men. He employed Armenians to spy upon their own people, and these men, under Nazim Pasha (Chief of Police) planned disturbances which would give an apparent reason for the slaughter of Armenians. To illustrate, when he wanted an excuse for a massacre in Constantinople, he had a few of his agents enter the Ottoman Bank with a threat to blow it up. Nazim entered into "negotiations" with these men in the bank, promising safe conduct out of the country if they would desist. These men were taken under-police guard and conducted to a steamer bound for Marseilles. In the meantime, he gave out word that the Armenians had risen and the Turks must protect the city, and they set upon the Armenians and slaughtered them like dogs. Thousands, men, women and children, were running for protection to Embassies, to Consulates, the homes of foreigners, or any place that gave promise of safety.

It was reported by reliable and undisputed eyewitnesses that, although Mohammedans, the Persian Embassy, Consulate, and homes were thrown open for these refugees. English, French and other European representatives, except the German, took

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in the fleeing people. Eye-witnesses, both English and American, reported that the gates of the German Embassy and Consulate were closed, and sentinels were placed in front of the gates with drawn swords to keep the refugees from forcing their way in.

During these troubles, which lasted months, a delegation of residents composed of Europeans and Americans, waited upon the German Ambassador and begged him to intercede by using his influence with the Turks in behalf of the Armenians. One of the American delegation told me that the Ambassador remarked, "My Emperor has no interest in the Armenians, but a policy which he is following."

These massacres were planned to do away with the Armenians and spite the English. Another reason that the Turks were dissatisfied, and planned to annihilate this people, was that the Armenians were buying up all the best properties, both agricultural and residential, from the Turks, thereby inviting the jealousy of the less successful Turk.

The emigration of Armenians to this country and their prosperity here enabled them to save money to send back to their relatives to buy up property. This was even inducing young Turks to emigrate. Just before the World War there were thousands of Mohammedan Turks in this country. By their hard work and penuriousness they had accumulated a large amount of money. In Worcester, Massachusetts, alone, it was estimated that there were over one thousand of them and working on "piece work"

they used to get as high as from seventy-five to one hundred and twenty-five dollars a week, and they had deposited in the Worcester banks large sums of money. When Turkey entered the War, these men withdrew their money and disappeared, supposedly going back to Turkey.

The leaders of the Armenian revolutionary movement, through their agents in Turkey, goaded the Turkish population to such an extent, that on religious grounds they began to massacre those Armenians who were in no wise in sympathy with the revolutionists. Then the massacres became general. To the Turks an Armenian was an Armenian, whether revolutionary or otherwise.

These massacres seemed to cause rejoicing to the revolutionary leaders in this country, but intense suffering to those who disapproved of their efforts to form an independent nation. I remember watching the bulletin board of a newspaper in Boston; I noticed four of those leaders who were in front of me, but did not see me. The bulletin was announcing the massacre in Diarbekir. These men seemed to be overjoyed at the occurrence, saying in Armenian, "We caused the massacres in Diarbekir too." Arm in arm they marched into a saloon, to drink to their success. Their intention was to arouse the sympathy of America and Europe and cause Christian countries to come to their assistance in forming an independent nation of Armenia. They found it was sympathy only they aroused—no physical force came to their standard.

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These people used to send anonymous letters threatening those Armenians who differed from them, and making demands for large sums of money according to the financial ability of the person addressed; I was one to receive hundreds of such letters. I was also warned by the Chief of the State Police of Massachusetts, and advised to always go armed, besides this, one of the Insurance Companies, cancelled my policy. They played on the sympathy of the poorer Armenians, and raised large sums of money in that way. This money was used for their own comfort and benefit, although given for the purposes of propaganda. I exposed these people in the public print time and time again, but they prospered.

One of the professors of Robert College told me the following incident. Sultan Hamid, with his advisers, had sent instructions to every Governor of all the vilayets to massacre the Armenians. One of the governors, making excuses, did not carry out the order, and he and his sons were at once called to Constantinople. On their arrival they were commanded to appear before the Sultan. Sultan Hamid asked him the reason he did not carry out his instructions, the governor replied, "My life belongs to your majesty; my soul to my God; but my conscience is my own. I could not conscientiously order the massacre of the innocent Armenians. I am in your presence with my sons and await your pleasure." They were told to go, and no punishment was given them. The three sons of this Governor were put in

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Robert College to be educated. Those boys told this story to the professors of the College. There were a few such instances of bravery and humanity among the Turkish officials; and many such among the common people.

This refers to the first massacre; in the last massacre, all the work was done by the Army under German commanders. Even in the latter instance, at times the soldiers refused to fire, but the German officers shot the soldiers who refused to obey orders. This was told me by reliable people, other than Armenians.

My personal losses through these massacres were great. In the first one none of my relatives were victims, although I lost many friends; but in the last massacres, out of fourteen relatives only three were saved. The Patriarch of the Armenian Church in Constantinople, was a highly educated, far-seeing man, a graduate of St. Lazar, and deeply interested in his people, but he was not in sympathy with the revolutionary movement. The leaders of the movement wanted him to take sides with them but he absolutely refused to do it. These men went to the Patriarchate, took him by the beard, pulled him into the street, beat him and otherwise maltreated him. All such actions were excuses for the Turks to begin their deadly work. The Turkish authorities did not interfere to protect the Patriarch. Soon after the first massacre I visited him in his retirement in Constantinople, as I had known him for many years when he was Bishop of Erzeroom.

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I found him a feeble old man, whose tears ran down his cheeks as he described the above incidents. He was a great friend of the missionaries; every penny he received for the destitute Armenians he turned over to the missionaries to be distributed.

The Armenian nation has always been known as a deeply religious one. All activities, both social and political, have centered in the Church. The Patriarch was the medium between the nation and the Turkish government, and was respected, honored and decorated by the government. In former years the Turks rarely interfered with religious services or the conduct of the schools. All this was changed after the massacres began. Oddly enough, these privileges had rarely been accorded to Armenians in Russia, even before the massacres.

Armenians in Russia held higher positions, and had greater influence in government circles than in Turkey. In Turkey they never allowed Armenians to enter the army; instead of army service they paid a head tax. But in Russia there was no difference between Russian and Armenian as to civil or military duties, consequently the Armenians in Russia held as high positions, according to their ability as the Russians themselves. For instance there was Loris Melikoff, who was Prime Minister, Russia's highest office, next to the Czar. He it was who drafted a constitution for Russia which gave freedom to the Serfs, and this was all ready for the Czar's signature, but unfortunately before signing, Czar Alexander II was assassinated by anarchists. After this

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assassination Loris Melikoff as virtually made Dictator, to put down anarchy in Russia. Several well known generals, both in the Russo-Japan War and the World War were Armenians. In spite of all these things, the Armenians in Russia did not enjoy as much freedom in religion and education as did the Armenians in Turkey.

If the young men who aspired to be leaders had been wiser, they might be holding the positions in Turkey now held by renegade Jews. If they had worked with, instead of rebelling against the Turks, there might have been now an Armenian nation stronger than their most vivid dreams. This has been admitted by the leaders themselves, but it is too late. The awful suffering, the deaths, the deportations, the undying hatred of the Turks, cannot be undone. Thousands of women and children were driven into the desert, naked, without provision, pushed on to certain death. Other thousands, the young and comely, were taken to Turkish harems; and small children, born Christians, are now being brought up as Mohammedans in Turkish homes.

A concrete example, in which my own family suffered, is that of a niece, daughter of one of my brothers, who was married and her husband was one of the foremost merchants in Kharpoot. They were robbed of all they had, and then with their five children, and with thousands of others, were deported to Northern Mesopotamia, a desert land. On their way they stopped at Malatia. Before entering the city the men were separated from the

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women and children. She has since told me that after the separation, the women heard a tremendous shooting, and they realized the meaning of it; that every man was shot. The remaining women and children were driven on foot to Urfa, without sufficient food or water, under a hot desert sun. When they reached Urfa, she had lost her five children, and she has never known whether they died or were taken into Turkish homes. From Urfa they somehow reached Aleppo, and she was taken in by Red Cross workers. The American Consul at Aleppo, and also the Red Cross workers knew of me, and communicated with me at once.

I tried to bring my niece here to America, but she remained in Aleppo five years, hoping against hope to hear something of her children. Finally she gave up, and came to me. Because of her intense suffering I have scrupulously avoided asking her to talk and tell me of those horrible months of agony, not wishing to open anew her deep wounds. Only once she exclaimed "How can a mother forget her children!" This represents thousands of similar cases. All these things could have been prevented by wise and intelligent minds, but the cruel, selfish few stopped all efforts of conciliation with the Turks, by their insistent threats of murder to any who differed from them.

The Turks wished to make a compromise, but these extremists refused this, giving as their reason that no one could depend upon the promise of a Turk. Later developments proved their confidence

in outside promises was equally undependable—and much more destructive to their race.

When the French were in Aintab, the Turks wanted to make a compact with the Armenians to be neutral, but some of the hot-headed leaders would not agree to this. In Adana, when the French were in possession of the city, many hundreds, even thousands of refugees from all sections flocked into the city, hoping to find protection under Christian rule. The French authorities established houses of ill-fame, and forced Armenian women into those places. When the Turks surrounded Adana to recapture the city, the rear division of the French Army on the outside of Adana armed several hundred Armenians to assist them to raise the siege. They succeeded. The Turks fell back and the French Army left the city. When this was accomplished the French compelled the Armenians to surrender their arms, and left those men at the mercy of the infuriated Turkish Army when it entered the city. Incidents of French lawless cruelty and immorality were common.

In Constantinople, when it was under the foreign commissioners, a poor Armenian woman applied to a French officer for assistance. He offered to assist her on one condition—which she refused. She reported this to the American representatives, and they took it up with the English. It finally resulted in the removal of this particular French officer. In justice to the English, I wish to say, there have been no incidents of this kind known to occur, either with civilian, military or naval men.

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These are only a few examples of the many, many cases where the blinded Armenians became as grain, crushed between the upper and nether millstones of the War.

Such unselfish friends as Lord Bryce, Dr. F. C. Conybeare, Dr. Cyrus Hamlin, Dr. James L. Barton and the American missionaries, and among the Armenians, Boghos, Pasha Nuber of Egypt, and other prominent men all advised strongly against the rebellious movements, and in favor of a compact with the Turks. Unfortunately all these availed nothing.

These rebels have unwittingly accomplished three things: first, depopulated the land known as Armenia; second, destroyed the religious faith of their fathers; third, prevented the remaining Armenians from going to other countries for safety. In the first instance, there are probably not one family in one hundred still in their old homes, the rest were massacred, deported, or families separated and scattered about the world. Finally, when efforts were made to colonize the remaining Armenians, even the Church dignitaries opposed this movement for fear the Armenians would lose their nationality and their Church.

When the United States Senate, through the earnest efforts of Senator John Sharp Williams, of Mississippi, passed a bill to permit more than the quota, as well as twenty-five thousand orphans, to enter this country, and the news of this was cabled to the Lausanne Conference, the self-appointed, self-willed Armenian delegates to the Conference called

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upon the American representatives and protested against the bill. They insisted that all Armenians who had been left in Armenia should remain there to form the nucleus of the New Armenia. This destroyed the last hope for bringing the remnant of the Armenian race to a land where they might become useful citizens, of value to humanity; even if by so doing, they lost their identity as Armenians.

Canadians have taken a large number of Armenian orphans into their homes, and an Armenian, or Russian-Armenian Bishop, came to me asking a large sum to send to Canada a priest to look after those orphans and bring them up as Gregorian Armenians. This same Bishop told me he would rather these boys and girls should be taken into Mohammedan families than to be brought to this country and become Americanized. All this proves conclusively that both the clergy and the self-appointed leaders prefer any sort of suffering for the common people rather than assimilation with any other nation.

For many years, even before the Armenians began coming in large numbers to America, I have urged them to become naturalized citizens; to learn the language; attend American Churches, and take part in all community interests. For I have realized that as a nation there is no longer an Armenia, and for personal salvation for themselves and their children, uniting with other Christian nations is their only hope.

It is difficult in placing the blame for wiping out the Armenians to say which stands first: the head-

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strong revolutionary leaders, with their wild dream of a free Armenia, backed by false promises from European Powers; or a selfish Europe, encouraging such movement in order to give them a cause to dismember Turkey.

As for the Turks—no words at my command are strong enough to condemn their ruthless massacre of the innocent with the guilty; their mad career of destruction of a people already subdued and in their power.

(THE END)

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